



~~E 46<sup>205</sup>~~

~~L 5187~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCB

Section

14489



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/istian00lees>

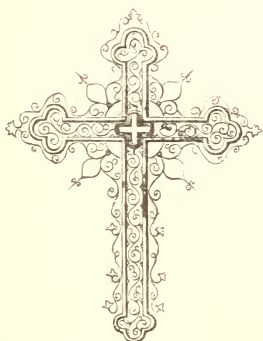
309

✓✓

2/



P. M. B. 1862



Songs of Christian Chivalry.

It was intended to have included in this volume other poems under the title of "Lays of Hope," and "Scenes and Thoughts," answering to the threefold division, *Faith, Hope, Charity*, or the "*Work of Faith*," the "*Patience of Hope*," and the "*Labour of Love*." The expense of printing has prevented this; but should the sale of this little volume warrant it, the two other parts will be published uniform with the "Songs of Christian Chivalry."

In the beautiful poem by S. M., "Our Mother Church," after the lines in page 73—

"By the *food* which thou givest,  
We dare not to name,"

the following quatrain should have been inserted—

"By the Watchers above thee,  
Pointing the way for thee,  
Angels who love thee,  
Saints who still pray for thee!"

And as the omission was supplied too late for insertion in the text it is noticed here.

*Miss Thompson*

Songs of Christian Chivalry,

etc.



BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HYMNS AND SCENES OF CHILDHOOD."

*[I have 5 Lessons]*



"NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY."

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."

"ABOVE ALL TAKING THE SHIELD OF FAITH WHEREWITH YE  
SHALL BE ABLE TO QUENCH ALL THE FIERY DARTS OF  
THE WICKED."

LONDON :

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,

AND 78, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCCXLVIII.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY JOSEPH MASTERS,  
ALDERSGATE STREET.

## The Enemy.

### I.

FAINTLY though my timbrel soundeth,  
And not yet the joy aboundeth,  
Some there are whose hearts may own  
Solace in its under tone,  
And with deep responsive thrill,  
Every faltering note fulfil,  
Till the lay that erst begun  
In such weakness, strength have won,  
Many-voic'd, and upward borne,  
Mingling with the songs of morn,  
When the timbrels that of old,  
Israel's glad thanksgiving told,  
Blending with the choral swell  
Of a mightier triumph tell.

### II.

Be it so ! meanwhile may I  
Share love's lowliest ministry ;  
Freely giving, LORD, of Thine,  
May the handmaid's joy be mine,  
Joy that many a maiden knew,  
When with ready zeal she drew

Water from the crystal well,  
Where the palm tree's shadow fell,  
For the weary by the way,  
Faint with noontide's scorching ray,  
Till the burning thirst allay'd,  
Grateful for the timely aid,  
Sped the victor's glorious toil,  
And the tarriers shar'd the spoil.

## III.

Brethren, comrades tried and true,  
Hear me then—I sing for you—  
Warrior on the tented plain,  
Where the fight is yet to gain,  
By the Red Cross on thy shield,  
Liegeman of my LORD reveal'd,  
Helm on head, and sword in hand,  
On thy ward enforc'd to stand,  
If it suit thy mood to hear  
Songs of Chivalry and cheer,  
'Tis for such I fain would sing—  
Take the offering that I bring,  
And if cheer be in the lay,  
For the minstrel's gladdening pray.

August, 1848.



## Contents.

---

	PAGE
1. Take up, take up the Timbrel . . . . .	1
2. "Who hath believed our Report?" . . . . .	2
3. "Truly this Man was the SON of GOD" . . . . .	6
4. Counting the Cost . . . . .	8
5. Res Severa est Verum Gaudium . . . . .	11
6. Come, LORD, come . . . . .	13
7. "It remaineth," &c. . . . .	14
8. It remaineth that some must enter therein . . . . .	16
9. Faith and Presumption . . . . .	18
10. My Hope is constant in Thee. E. O. . . . .	20
11. "He counted me faithful," &c. . . . .	22
12. "Where the Word of a King is there is Power." . . . .	25
13. The Shepherd's Watch . . . . .	26
14. To the Writers of the Lyra Apostolica . . . . .	28
15. "Will ye also go away?" . . . . .	29
16. The Valley of the Shadow of Death . . . . .	30
17. Expostulation . . . . .	32
18. A Second Thought . . . . .	35
19. Turning Aside . . . . .	36
20. The Almond Tree . . . . .	39
21. The Days of Old. Anon. . . . .	41
22. Rejoinder . . . . .	42
23. Sadness . . . . .	43

	PAGE
24. Clarior e tenebris . . . . .	45
25. The Watchword . . . . .	50
26. Loneliness . . . . .	54
27. Paraphrase of the Forty-eighth Psalm. Rev. J. G. C. . . . .	56
28. "Ye know not what ye ask." E. O. . . . .	59
29. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." . . . .	60
30. "Your fathers, where are they?" . . . . .	62
31. The Past and the Present. E. O. . . . .	64
32. "To me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain." . . . .	66
33. The Message Confirmed. . . . .	68
34. Our Mother Church. S. M. . . . .	71
35. Response to the foregoing . . . . .	75
36. The Link between Faith and Love . . . . .	79
37. The Church's Amen . . . . .	84
38. The Hour of Prayer . . . . .	85
39. A Battle Song . . . . .	87
40. "I prayed to GOD to avenge me of Death."— Rev. THOS. WHYTEHEAD . . . . .	88
41. "Dust shall be the Serpent's meat." . . . .	89
42. The Trial of Faith . . . . .	93
43. The Household Sorrow . . . . .	97
44. CHRIST in His Church . . . . .	99
45. "Ye are they which have continued with Me." . . . .	102
46. David's Three Mightiest . . . . .	107
47. "What of the Night?" . . . . .	109
48. Knighthood . . . . .	119
49. The Banner of Blue. G. B. . . . .	116
50. "He hath given a Banner," &c. . . . .	118

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

A Lay of Holy Land, I. and II. . . . .	121
Holy Communion . . . . .	130

# Songs of Christian Chivalry.



## 1.

“The singers go before, the minstrels follow after : in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels. Give thanks, O Israel, unto GOD the LORD in the congregations, from the ground of the heart.”

TAKE up, take up the timbrel,  
And sing as Israel sung,  
When o'er the sea of Egypt  
The glad thanksgiving rung :  
The LORD, the LORD JEHOVAH  
Hath triumph'd gloriously !  
His Hand the horse and rider  
Hath cast into the sea.

Forget ye not His wonders,  
Who in that night of dread,  
Safe through the parted waters,  
His people Israel led ;  
When not a foe escapèd,  
To tell the fearful tale,  
Only the waves responded  
To Egypt's land of wail.

Ye fathers, to your children  
JEHOVAH's might proclaim,  
And call on His redeemèd,  
To triumph in His Name:  
Tell how the foe rush'd onward,  
In heaven-led Israel's track,  
Till over all his chariots  
The whelming wave rolled back.

The pillar'd cloud before them,  
Pass'd to their rear by night,  
A barrier to the Egyptians,  
While Israel walk'd in light:  
The oppressor thought in fury  
Pursuing, to o'ertake,  
Nor feared he in his madness,  
JEHOVAH's wrath to wake.

Forth from His cloud pavilion  
He look'd upon the foe,  
And the fast-speeding chariots  
Drave heavily and slow!  
Upon the surging billows  
The Almighty's voice was heard—  
The spirit of the haughty  
A sudden trembling stirr'd!

Then vainly in their terror  
They sought to flee away;  
The waters were around them—  
JEHOVAH stopped the way!

The tide at morn that bore them,  
All lifeless to the shore,  
Bade ransom'd Israel triumph—  
The tyrant's reign was o'er.

In all the joy of freedom  
They stood upon the strand,  
The sea bore back their anthem  
To Egypt's orphan'd land,  
Then for the captives' wailing,  
The hallelujah rose,  
The song of GOD's redeemèd,  
Avengèd of their foes!

And Israel's graceful daughters  
Went forth in Miriam's train,  
With dances and with timbrels,  
Beside the billowy main.  
They answer'd one another,  
"Sing ye unto the LORD,"  
And every step was vocal,  
In musical accord.

The spirit of the freed one  
To high emprise was strung,  
As thus the strain responsive  
O'er Egypt's waters rung,  
"The LORD, the LORD JEHOVAH  
Hath triumph'd gloriously!  
His Hand the horse and rider  
Hath cast into the sea!"

O ye, to whom belongeth  
The name of Israel now,  
Have ye no thanks to offer,  
No heaven-recorded vow?  
Freed from a sorer bondage,  
Through the baptismal wave,  
While yet its dewy spangles  
Your cross-signed foreheads lave ;

Where is the burst of gladness?  
The voice of joy and praise?  
Or, count ye the deliverance  
A tale of other days?  
Nay, though the Land of Promise  
Lie far before you yet,  
And slavish-hearted pilgrims  
The captives' fare regret ;

Falls not the heavenly manna  
Beside your pathway still,  
While living streams refresh you,  
And prophet voices thrill?  
And ere the last faint echo  
Of that rejoicing strain  
Had pass'd, the Spirit's breathing  
Hath woke the voice again !

There are who with the timbrels  
Responsive tones prolong,  
And hero-hearts are kindling,  
To list the freed one's song,



“The right hand of JEHOVAH  
Is our salvation still,  
Outstretch'd to plant His chosen  
In Sion's holy hill!”



## 2.

“Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the  
LORD revealed?”

A FEEBLE, faint, despisèd few,  
To Thee we mourn and cry,  
And though Thy promis'd help delay,  
On Thy sure word rely!  
Our brethren turn their face away,  
And deem us self-deceiv'd;  
Thine arm, O LORD, is not reveal'd,  
Nor Thy report believ'd!

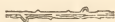
No, for in broken, breaking flesh,  
The glory must be shown,  
And but in utter helplessness  
The Spirit's might be known.  
Our narrow hearts could never bear  
Love's fulness to contain;  
Then though with Thine they too should break,  
Would we not count it gain?

Thou, Who hast shown the path of life  
We might not trace at first,  
Teach us the love that wrung from Thee,  
The anguish'd cry, “I thirst.”

So in our death Thy life shall reign—  
 Our weakness prove Thy strength—  
 The longing of a Saviour's heart,  
 Find utterance at the length!

It struggles now to find a vent,  
 To pour itself abroad,  
 But who can bear that bitter cry,  
 The anguish'd love of GOD?  
 It bow'd the Man of Sorrows' head,  
 It broke the Saviour's heart,  
 But strong as death, in death prevail'd  
 The blessing to impart!

“The Blood is the Life.”



### 3.

“Truly this Man was the Son of God.”

YES, there was darkness o'er the land  
 On that tremendous day!  
 The temple veil was rent in twain  
 'Mid earthquake and dismay,  
 But through the darkness shone confess'd  
 Thy glory, and our sin,  
 And mighty Thine expiring breath  
 Acknowledgment to win!

With shameful cross for kingly throne,  
For crown the platted thorn,  
Yet of the *willing* sacrifice  
How was the witness borne ?  
Not such the malefactor's death  
Though 'neath Thy people's ban !  
And faltering lips confess'd at length,  
"This was a Righteous Man !"

Thy Godlike majesty in death  
Rome's stern centurion saw,  
Nor rending rocks his spirit thrill'd  
With such mysterious awe.  
He marked Thee on Thy Father call  
In calm of holiest peace,  
Then bow Thy sacred head to die,  
And from that suffering cease.

"Truly This was the SON of GOD !"  
In marvelling fear he cried,  
While sinners smote upon their breast,  
And trembling turn'd aside.  
So by the cross in sight of all  
The lifting up was shown,  
And what if *thus* our brethren too  
Thy followers' sonship own ?



## 4.

## Counting the Cost.

HAVE ye counted the cost,  
Have ye counted the cost,  
    Ye warriors of the cross ?  
Are ye fix'd in heart for your Master's sake  
    To suffer all worldly loss ?  
Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly wise  
    As ye pass by pleasure's bower  
To watch with your LORD on the mountain top  
    Through the dreary midnight hour ?

Can ye sorrow with Him,  
Can ye sorrow with Him,  
    All selfish sorrow forgot,  
When the heart grows chill, and the eye is dim,  
    And the rescue cometh not ?  
Can ye bow the head when the heart is rent  
    And all earthly aid forego,  
Resign'd to receive from a Father's hand  
    That cup of bitterest woe ?

Can ye drink of the cup,  
Can ye drink of the cup  
    That your LORD and Master drank,  
When His holy soul was so sore amaz'd  
    And His flesh from suffering shrank ?

Can ye feel the sting of a traitor's kiss  
Nor yet from your purpose move ?  
Can ye keep your heart as a shelter meet  
For the grieving Holy Dove ?

Are ye able to share,  
Are ye able to share  
In the baptism of your LORD ?  
Are ye strong in His strength with Him to bear,  
And to prove His faithful word ?  
Can ye prove the word that shall prove you first,  
As silver in furnace tried ?  
The earthen vessel may fail, but the word  
Is seven times purified !

Do ye answer, " We can,"  
Do ye answer, " We can  
Through His love's constraining power ?"  
But do ye remember the flesh is weak  
And shrinks in the trial hour ?  
Yet yield to His hand Who around you now  
The cords of a man would cast,  
The bands of His love, Who was given for you  
To the altar binding fast !

Can ye cleave to your LORD,  
Can ye cleave to your LORD,  
When the many turn aside ?  
Can ye witness He hath the living Word,  
And none upon earth beside ?  
And can ye endure with the virgin band,  
The lowly and pure in heart,  
Who whithersoever the Lamb may lead,  
From His footsteps ne'er depart ?

Ye shall drink of His cup,  
Ye shall drink of His cup  
And in His baptism share !  
Ye shall not fail if ye tread in His steps,  
His blood-stain'd Cross to bear ;  
But count ye the cost ! Oh, count ye the cost,  
That ye be not unprepar'd,  
And know ye the strength that alone can stand  
In the conflict ye have dar'd !

In the power of His might,  
In the power of His might,  
Who was made through weakness strong,  
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight,  
And sing His victory song !  
But count ye the cost ! Oh, count ye the cost,  
The forsaking all ye have !  
Then take up your cross, and follow your LORD,  
Not thinking your life to save !

By the Blood of the Lamb !  
By the Blood of the Lamb,  
By the faithful witness word,  
Not loving your lives to the death for Him,  
Ye shall triumph with your LORD !  
So count ye the cost ! yea, count ye the cost,  
Ye warriors of the Cross,  
But in royal faith, and in royal love,  
Count all selfish gain for loss !

Oh, the Banner of Love !  
Oh, the Banner of Love,  
Will cost you a pang to hold !  
But 'twill float in triumph the field above,  
Though your heart's blood stain its fold !



Ye may count the cost ! ye may count the cost  
Of all Egyptia's treasure,  
But the riches of CHRIST ye cannot count !  
His love ye cannot measure !



## 5.

RES SEVERA EST VERUM GAUDIUM.

THERE is a joy tears cannot weep,  
And laughter ne'er might tell,  
An inward bliss, a peace so deep,  
'Tis like some hidden well.

No earthly ray the depth reveals  
Whence living waters flow,  
Day's garish light the stars conceals,  
That there in brightness glow !

Yet listening ears might catch the sound  
Of music underneath,  
And mark above it, and around  
How freshest breezes breathe.

Thus, follower of a thorn-crown'd Chief,  
Within thy heart should be,  
A fount of joy, undimm'd by grief,  
Unlit by worldly glee ;

Too deep for smiles or tears to show,  
Yet o'er life's common ways,  
Flinging its gladdening healing glow,  
To wake the voice of praise.

Thy lot be of the wean'd from earth,  
In angel-bliss to share,  
Yet grudge not to light-hearted mirth,  
Her merriest smiles to wear!

Think how the Blessed One, while sore  
Our burdens on Him lay,  
The gladdening of His smile might pour  
On sportive children's play!

See Him with little ones around,  
Or at the bridal board,  
As though our all of gladness found  
A response from our LORD;

And look thou thus in tenderest love  
On ought of joy below,  
While counting it thy bliss to prove  
CHRIST'S fellowship in woe;

The myrrh and spice together go,  
The bitter and the sweet;  
The Broken Heart's deep bliss to know,  
For strangers were not meet.

“The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.”

## 6.

“Come, LORD, come.”

COME, LORD, come !  
For love is waxing cold ;  
Forgotten are Thy mercies past,  
Thy wondrous works of old !  
Men say Thou hast forsaken  
The world Thine hands have made,  
And even they who bear Thy name,  
Thy standard have betray'd.

Come, LORD, come !  
Unfurl Thy conquering sign—  
The kingdom, power, and glory,  
Are Thine, LORD, only Thine !  
Hear Thou the faint low sighing  
Of Thine oppressèd few,  
And for Thy truth and mercies' sake,  
The enemy subdue !

Come, LORD, come !  
The floods uplift their voice—  
The billows threaten to o'erwhelm—  
Thine enemies rejoice ;  
But speak Thou in Thy glory—  
Lift up Thy standard, LORD,  
And lo, the waters are a wall,  
Obedient to Thy word !

Come, LORD, come !  
As in the days of old,  
Thine own right hand shall bring Thee help,  
Thy fury Thee uphold !  
Oh, yet make known that Thou art King,  
From age to age the same,  
That men may reverently adore  
Thy glorious, fearful Name !



## 7.

“ It remaineth.”—1 Cor. vii. 9, and Heb. iv. 9.

“ It remaineth—it remaineth,”  
Was sounding in mine ear,  
Mid many a dirge-like cadence  
Of the departing year,  
Most like the spirit music,  
When hope and fear are blent,  
’To tame our reckless joyance,  
And yet for solace sent.

A shadow mid earth’s sunshine,  
A glory mid her gloom,  
To every heart a blessing,  
That gives the lesson room.

Oh, shrink not from the shadow,  
As of the dove's soft wing,  
Nor yet refuse the comfort,  
The turtle's voice should bring!

“It remaineth—it remaineth,”—  
Would'st know what *now* remains?  
That earthly joys are passing,  
And passing earthly pains,  
Yea, as a dream are passing,  
To leave no trace behind,  
On saintly brow no shadow,  
No stain on saintly mind!

For thee, a pilgrim stranger,  
Remaineth only this,  
To lightly bear earth's sadness,  
And lightly hold her bliss;  
To be as one that waiteth,  
And watcheth for the LORD,  
So mayst thou at His coming  
Receive a full reward.

“It remaineth—it remaineth,”—  
Would'st know what *then* remains?  
The glory, and the gladness,  
Love's everlasting gains!  
All that was worth the prizing,  
Most precious, and most pure!  
All that the true heart treasures,  
For ever to endure!

The time is short ! He cometh,  
Whose love hath set thy task—  
A crown of life His guerdon !  
What other would'st thou ask ?  
But let thy consolation—  
In toil and vigil be,  
There remaineth, there remaineth  
A Sabbath rest for thee !



## 8.

“ It remaineth that some must enter therein.”

THOUGH the fight be thickening round thee,  
One by one thy fellows fall,  
Fear thou not, thou red cross warrior,  
Thou shalt yet prevail o'er all !

GOD'S whole armour take thou to thee,  
Dreadless on the battle plain,  
Though the foe have seemed to triumph,  
Though thou standest mid the slain.

Hold the shield of faith before thee,  
Quenching every fiery dart—  
Let thy loins with truth be girded—  
Bind thy breast-plate o'er thy heart.



Lest thou stumble, know thy standing  
In the peace-proclaiming blood—  
Wear thy helmet of salvation,  
Hoping against hope in GOD.

Grasp the Spirit's sword undaunted,  
Steadfast, watching unto prayer—  
Lonely though thou seemest, many  
With thee yet the vigil share!

JESUS, and His witness army,  
Compass round His faithful few,  
He Who fought the fight before thee,  
CHRIST the Faithful and the True!

Shrink not in His steps to follow  
Through the dark and fearful night;  
Onward where thy Captain calls thee,  
Mid the thickest of the fight;

Not with flesh and blood to wrestle,  
Nor in fair and open field,  
But against the powers of darkness,  
Heavenly weapons thou must wield.

One with all thy brethren, cleaving  
To each other in the LORD,  
For in *oneness* ye shall triumph,  
And receive the full reward.

Though their bones are whitening round thee,  
Scatter'd in the open vale,  
Yet the word, (than vision *surer*,)  
Word prophetic, shall not fail.

At the end the vision speaketh—  
 It shall speak, and shall not lie !  
 Hold thy confidence the firmer—  
 The redemption draweth nigh !

From the four winds life is breathing !  
 GOD shall breathe upon His slain—  
 His exceeding mighty army,  
 Lo, they rise and fight again !

Trampling down the foe before them,  
 Cloth'd with resurrection might,  
 One shall make a thousand waver—  
 Two, ten thousand put to flight !

Though the vision seem to tarry,  
 Faith shall its unfolding win—  
 Still the word of GOD remaineth,  
 Some must surely enter in.



## 9.

## Faith and Presumption.

“He that believeth shall not make haste,” *therefore*, “he shall not be confounded.”

FEAR to ask, “If it be Thou,  
 Bid me come to Thee,”  
 Though thou think at JESUS’ word  
 Thou couldst walk the sea.

Haste is mingling with such faith,  
And betrays it weak.  
Rather be it thine to wait  
Till thy LORD shall speak.

He, or e'er thy thought be said,  
Well thy glowing heart hath read.  
If He bid thee walk the wave,  
Be thou sure that He will save.  
But, thy frailty all forgot,  
Such commandment tempt thou not,  
Lest thou learn in shame at length  
Conscious weakness is our strength.

Hast thou faith, and couldst thou joy  
Perils to abide?  
Yet bethink thee how a saint  
His dear LORD denied!  
“Yea, though all offended be,  
I will not,” he said,  
But for those presumptuous words  
Bitter tears were shed!

Taught from thence with lowly mind,  
Keep the place His love assign'd,  
Answering but, “Thy will be done,”  
At His bidding thou shalt run.  
Gathering strength in self-control,  
Patiently possess thy soul,  
Storing up each earnest thought  
For a time with trial fraught.

## 10.

## Stanzas

Addressed to a Macdonald, of Clanranald, on his family motto,  
“My hope is constant in Thee.”

E. O.

THE Bruce he was fighting at Bannockburn,  
And the Lord of the Isles was nigh  
With twice three thousand men to shout  
The Clanranald battle cry.

Wild rag'd the fight, and the English lance  
Through the Scottish ranks went far,  
But silent and calm those warriors stood  
In the maddening din of war.

The foe rush'd on with horse and mail—  
He was dark with banners free;  
Then spoke the King to the Island Chief,  
“My hope is firm in thee.”

That night the stream ran red with blood—  
Borne down was England's might,  
And long did English matrons rue  
“Saint Barnaby the bright.”

'Twas enough for the men who turn'd to flight  
Her armies on the plain,  
That on them their Monarch had not plac'd  
His steadfast trust in vain.

'Twas enough for their Chief that his shield should bear  
The words of the kingly trust ;  
They were left as a pledge by the sire to the son,  
When in turn he lay down in the dust.

Thou, who art bearing on thy shield  
The words thy fathers bore,  
To thee they speak with a holier power  
Than ever they claim'd of yore.

A mightier foe is round thee now,  
And few the patriot band  
Who dare abide their Leader's will,  
Or strike at His command.

But He Who stoop'd from Heaven to win  
In death thy liberty,  
Hath bid thee watch and ward for Him,  
His trust is firm in thee.



## 11.

“He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry.”

HATH He counted thee faithful,  
Trust placing in thee,  
The highest and holiest on earth that may be ?

With the love of a mother  
His chosen to tend,  
With the zeal of a brother, to keep, and defend !

In vigil unwearied,  
In fasting and prayer,  
Lest harm should befall those He left in thy care !

The drought in the day time,  
The frost in the night  
Endur'd for thy brethren in love's patient might !

Oh, well may it awe thee,  
Yet gladden thy heart,  
So think that thou hast in His ministry part,

Whose Body is broken,  
Whose Blood for us shed,  
To furnish the Table from whence we are fed !

And canst thou dispense them,  
Nor yield thee to know  
The breaking, the wounding, whence Love's bounties  
flow ;

To die with Him daily,  
CHRIST living in thee,  
While our wine Cup of gladness thy witness should be ?

Yea, counted thus faithful,  
What love should reward  
Thy perilous service for us in the LORD ?

And how should we honour  
Who thus for our sake  
His life in his hand hath not scrupled to take ?

We cannot repay thee,  
Yet guerdon is sure—  
A crown of rejoicing that aye shall endure.

Oh, bright is the glory  
For pastors prepar'd  
Who with the Chief Shepherd His labours have shar'd.

Yet bear thou the warning  
That cometh of love ;  
'Tis not to upbraid thee—nay, not to reprove.

A whisper within thee,  
“ Yet lovest thou Me ?  
Then feed thou the flock I committed to thee.

“ The hireling cares only  
His own life to keep ;  
The Good Pastor giveth His life for the sheep.

“ And seeketh My servant  
Gain, honour, or ease,  
Intent like the worldling self only to please ?”

Nay, brother, it may not,  
It cannot be *thus* ;  
Thou shalt tread in His footsteps Who suffer'd for us.

For how wilt thou answer  
Should evil betide  
Thy charge, and they perish, for whom He hath died ?

Yet knows He thy frailty,  
Who smil'd on thy vow,  
Whose Name is upon thee for panoply now.

The true heart within thee  
Responds to His word :  
The gift that is in thee His breathing hath stirr'd.

He counted thee faithful,  
Trust placing in thee  
The highest and holiest on earth that may be.

The word He hath spoken  
Thy spirit shall thrill  
With the zeal of thy first love thy vows to fulfil.

The priestly anointing,  
Endures it not yet ?  
The Hand laid upon thee thou can'st not forget.

If love lose its fervour,  
If faith should grow dim,  
*He is faithful Who called thee, and hope thou in Him.*



## 12.

“Where the word of a king is, there is power.”

OH! sing aloud—oh! sing aloud!  
With understanding sing:  
With heart and voice  
Do ye rejoice  
In Israel's GOD and King.

Come ye before Him with a song,  
For He is GOD indeed,  
Our GOD and Rock,  
Who like a flock  
His people forth doth lead.

With songs of praise at His command  
Still onward let us go;  
By Moses' and  
By Aaron's hand,  
His guidance we shall know.

Oh! be not as your fathers were,  
A faithless, froward race,  
Who thought not on  
His wonders done  
Before His people's face.

But yield ye to His guiding hand,  
And walk ye in His way,  
And strong in faith,  
Whate'er He saith  
Rejoice ye to obey.

Yea *where* His word is, *there* is power  
To execute His will.  
A kingly word  
Comes from the LORD  
His purpose to fulfil.

Oh! sing aloud—oh! sing aloud,  
Ye that in strength excel!  
Glory and might  
Are His by right,  
And in His presence dwell!



## 13.

## The Shepherd's Watch.

“There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.”

STAR-LIT shadows, soft and still,  
Lay on field, and fold and hill,  
Where their vigils shepherds kept  
While their flocks in safety slept.  
Brightly rose night's loveliest gem  
Over distant Bethlehem,  
Hail'd by Magi from afar,  
Judah's promis'd regal star.  
But the glory of the LORD  
Was around those shepherds pour'd :  
First upon their startled ear  
Thrill'd the angel's word of cheer,

Ere the answering burst of song  
Swell'd the peopled sky along,  
Teaching man with joy to hail  
CHRIST, the LORD, in fleshy veil.

Thus to faithful shepherds still,  
Watching on the holy hill,  
Pouring out their soul in prayer,  
Heedful of their slumbering care,  
Oft at midnight hour are given  
Glimpses of an opening heaven ;  
Visions of the coming morn  
Cheer the weary heart forlorn,  
Till their faith takes up the song  
Of the blessed angel throng—  
“Glory in the Highest still,  
Peace on earth—to men goodwill !”  
And in lowliest guise they learn  
Heirs of glory to discern,  
Strong for JESUS' sake to keep  
And to feed His blood-bought sheep.

Though the night endureth still,  
Long and weary, dark and chill,  
Faint not mid thy slumbering sheep  
Thus thy pastoral watch to keep,  
Listening in calm hope and fear  
Midnight songs of praise to hear,  
As from yonder skies again  
Issue forth CHRIST's angel train.  
Then shall the Chief Shepherd's voice  
Bid each faithful one rejoice,  
And the weary watch shall seem  
Transient as a moment's dream ;

While the veil asunder riven,  
 Fadeless crown to each is given,  
 And the rapt angelic song  
 Swells eternity along.



14.

## TO THE WRITERS OF THE LYRA APOSTOLICA.

O YE, whose lyre of calmly thoughtful tone  
 Hath almost seemed to us a voice from heaven,  
 For truest cheer in troublous season given,  
 Chiding weak hearts that deem'd themselves alone,  
 And waking tuneful echoes of its own;  
 Ye know not where those echoes deepest sound,  
 And truest response to your song is found—  
 Mid some whose faith as schism ye disown;  
 For ye, methinks, Nathaniel-like have pray'd  
 In secret 'neath your fig tree's household shade,  
 And wedded to its shelter, sit at home,  
 Answering, "Can good thing out of Nazareth come?"\*  
 Yet come and see, true-hearted men, and own  
 The Nazarite to whom your secret prayer is known.

\* Nazareth, the place of *separation*.

## 15.

“WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?”

SAVIOUR, we hear Thy voice of love; with broken  
heart we hear  
The voice that wounds and heals at once, and shames  
our faithless fear :  
We own it faithless—we have walk'd in doubt and  
dimness long,  
And we are slow to learn of Thee, in love's confiding  
strong.

What though our brethren turn aside, and scornful  
men blaspheme,  
And call Thy work delusion all, a vain and idle dream ;  
And though each onward step reveals our ignorance  
the more,  
And oft with tears of bitterness our folly we deplore ;

It does but warn us yet the more self-chosen ways to  
flee ;  
It does but bid Thy little flock more closely cling to  
Thee.  
Thou only hast the words of life that thrill the listen-  
ing heart ;  
To whom and whither should we go, if we from Thee  
depart ?

We cannot answer those who taunt, yet put us not to  
shame,

Who in our weakness keep Thy word, nor dare deny  
Thy name.

Men talk of snares on every hand ; but Thou canst  
not deceive.

Oh ! keep us—guide us in Thy truth, and teach us to  
believe.



## 16.

### THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WE are in death in the midst of life,

We walk in a fearful dream,

As though entranc'd in the battle's strife,

While our foes but phantoms seem ;

For we wake to dream, and we dream, we wake—

Oh ! when will the light that unfoldeth break ?

'Tis a fearful thing to sound the deep

Of one's own wild, darkling thought ;

Better I love in my heart to keep

The words by my SAVIOUR taught,

And to walk by their steadfast and truthful ray

Until these shadows shall flee away.

Yea, the gentleness of Almighty Love  
Hath curtain'd our feeble sight  
From the depths below, and the heights above,  
With their blinding glare of light,  
And a tenderer love than a mother's now  
Doth in shadowy veils to our weakness bow.

Then grudge not the dimness a little while  
Ere the curtain be withdrawn,  
And thou wakest up in the joyous smile  
Of love's own unclouded morn,  
Like a nursling train'd 'neath her sheltering wing,  
To soar in sunlight, and soaring sing.

And lest thy heart and thy flesh should fail,  
O'ercome by a nameless fear,  
Bethink thee how in the shadowy vale  
There is One for ever near,  
More nigh than all, for His arms enfold,  
And His rod and staff thy steps uphold.

Hast thou never look'd on a little child  
When he first awakes from rest,  
And laughs to think how his dream beguil'd,  
And he slept on a parent's breast?  
So wondrous glad shall our waking be  
In the light of Love's eternity.



## 17.

## Expostulation.

Suggested by a poem in "Thoughts in past years," entitled, "In the midst of life we are in death," and concluding thus :

"For I dream. Where am I ?

O vanity,

We are not what we deem.

These sins that hold my heart in thrall,

They more real are than all."

NAY, say not so—I cannot bear  
That chilling utterance of despair—  
Sins that hold thy heart in thrall,  
May more real be than all  
That we fondly deem,  
But not more real than the Love  
That brought our Helper from above,  
And did with blood redeem.  
Is He not nigh thee, close beside,  
The Living One, the LORD, Who died,  
And lives thy cause to plead,  
And make thee free indeed ?  
One drop of His all cleansing blood,  
Avails it not for thee ?  
Yea, the abject captive erect hath stood,  
By CHRIST, the SON, made free.  
And hath look'd with joy on his Maker's face,  
Forgetting his bondage and foul disgrace !



And why 'midst shadows wilt thou rove  
When round thee shines the light of Love?  
Is it that thine eyes are dim,  
And thou canst not look on Him,  
Fetter'd by a fearful spell,  
Darkness only visible,  
Groping in sepulchral gloom,  
Like a tenant of the tomb?  
Yet thou hast not far to seek—  
Listen, thou may'st hear Him speak,  
    “ Sleeper, from the dead arise,  
        And CHRIST shall give thee light.  
    Child of day, lift up thine eyes!  
        Dream not, as by night!”  
At His look, His touch, His word,  
Drop thy fetters—own Him LORD!  
Stir thou up His strength within,  
Bursting all the bands of sin;  
Touch'd with lightning fire of love,  
Like a thread of tow they prove!  
Stand thou up, redeem'd from all,  
That would hold thee still in thrall,  
Nerv'd with everlasting might,  
Walking in the eternal light  
Of each word that He hath spoken,  
Never, never to be broken!

Didst thou question, “ What is man,  
Dreaming out his little span,  
    Fearfully to wake anon!  
Borne mid shadows fleeting by  
To a dread eternity,  
    Stealing all unnoted on?”

Did thy sickening heart reply,  
“Vanity! O vanity!  
For I dream—where am I?”  
Fear thou not! His love hath found thee  
Light of life is shining round thee,  
And His ransom’d ones may brook  
On realities to look.

Truly man is vanity,  
At his best estate a lie,  
Dust, returning unto dust!

But redeem’d with precious Blood,  
Heir of glory, Child of God,  
Ministering Angels wait  
On him as in regal state,

Glorying in their precious trust!  
Henceforth in the light of Heaven  
Look thou up—thy bonds are riven,  
’Tis no time for dreamy sadness—  
Thou must gather strength in gladness,  
And thine onward path pursue  
With the glorious prize in view.

King, and Priest, by Heaven-born right!  
Child of day, and not of night!  
Dost thou deem it right and well  
In uncertain gloom to dwell?  
Should’st thou mid the graves remain,  
Binding fast thy broken chain,  
Vainly seeking ’mong the dead  
Him, whose path on high hath led?  
Nay, but this were vanity!  
Daylight hours are fleeting by—  
Hast thou not a race to run  
While thou may’st behold the sun?

Rouse thee ere the night o’ertake thee,  
And the star of Hope forsake thee,  
Ere thy shadowy dream may be  
Stern and dread reality,  
Dwelling on the darkness past,  
Till again it hold thee fast,  
In a stronger, sevenfold spell,  
Only darkness visible !  
And all too late thou wring thy hands, and cry  
O vanity ! O vanity !



## 18.

## A Second Thought.

WHY should self-pitying thoughts arise  
To mar our holier mood ?  
Are we not pledg’d in love’s dear might  
To overcome with good ?

Oh, shame ! that for some fancied slight  
The fount of tears should flow,  
While in our hardness we refuse  
A SAVIOUR’S grief to know !

His wounded feet require the streams  
That run to waste so free !  
Yea, LORD, it is Thy grace permits  
To spend our tears on Thee !

## 19.

## Turning Aside.

Vide the poem in the "Christian Year" for the Seventh Sunday  
after Trinity.

WE followed in a desert place  
To listen unto One  
Whose wondrous words of truth and grace  
Our hearts' confiding won.  
A table in the wilderness  
His loving care supplied ;  
I thought not there in bitterness  
To miss thee from my side.  
Didst thou not know, thou weary soul,  
Heaven had "in store a precious dole?"  
And wherefore wouldst thou turn away,  
And come so far, refuse to stay?

But thou art gone, thou weary soul,  
And pain'd I needs must be,  
Though the burden of my grief I roll  
On One who cares for thee,  
On One who knows thy childlike heart,  
Thy yearning after Him,  
And will not let thee quite depart  
Though faith and hope are dim.  
Yet darkness now around thee lowers,  
And lost to sight are Salem's towers,  
For thou hast left the Blood-track'd road  
To the fair city of our GOD.

Oh! thou hast fainted ere noontide  
O'erburthen'd with the heat,  
And turn'd with sickening heart aside  
To seek some cool retreat—  
To miss the shadow of the Rock,  
Found in a weary land!  
And the noonday pastures for His flock  
By heavenly breezes fann'd  
Green pastures, where they feed and rest,  
By living streams of comfort blest,  
And where in peace the turtle dove  
Chants the deep song of holy love.

Alas! my Brother, when I kneel  
In sorrowing prayer for thee,  
My burthen'd spirit yearns to feel  
How sad thy heart must be.  
For trampled pastures, streams defil'd,  
And scanty in their flow,  
How have thy footsteps been beguil'd  
Our portion to forego?  
Of Shiloah's waters, softly flowing,  
Of spicy gales from Eden blowing,  
Perplex'd, benighted, as thou art,  
Comes not the freshness o'er thy heart?

Had not our grief its own deep bliss  
Of pure reposing love?  
And canst thou, Brother, fail to miss  
The comfort of His Dove—  
The softness of His sheltering wings—  
The tones that thrill'd so deep,  
That woke our harp's responsive strings,  
And made it joy to weep?

The Hand that wip'd away the tear,  
The voice of love, the words of cheer,  
That bade us swell the song of praise,  
And high as deep our anthem raise."

Yea! these are thoughts that must abide  
Deep shrin'd in memory's cell,  
That from thyself thou canst not hide,  
Although thou may'st not tell!  
Thou hast left us, but to weep apart  
In bitterness to weep,  
To commune with thy own sad heart,  
And lonely vigil keep.  
Return! return! thou weary soul;  
"Heaven hath in store a precious dole."  
Turn not to perish by the way,  
Nor come so far, refuse to stay.

Thou wouldst "not be untrue," I said—  
Thou shouldst "not be beguil'd,"  
Although the onward pathway led  
Yet further in the wild;  
And still I keep me to the word,  
My faith would hold thee fast—  
Thou sore tried servant of the LORD,  
Thou wilt return at last.  
The harp upon the willows hung  
Shall yet to harmony be strung  
And mine a dearer joy shall be  
Than if I ne'er had wept with thee.

A mightier love than mine shall keep  
The tried and tempest-toss'd;  
The chosen pastor of CHRIST's sheep  
Shall not be lightly lost;

One look of His within thy heart  
 Shall memory's fount unseal,  
 And bitter though the contrite smart,  
 That bitterness shall heal.  
 He pray'd for Peter—prays for thee,  
 And thou shalt yet our strengthener be,  
 Converted, comforted to prove  
 How His forgiven ones should love.

“And when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren.”



## 20.

### The Almond Tree.

“קץ quæ prima inter arbores evigilat.”

“I see a rod of an almond tree—  
 Then said the LORD unto me,  
 Thou hast well seen, for I will hasten My word to perform it.”

THOU faithful watcher for the spring,  
 Upon thy leafless stem,  
 Soon as her voice is heard afar,  
 There blusheth many a gem.  
 Ere hawthorn bush, or forest glade,  
 Have caught a tinge of green,  
 Thy silken flowerets, pink and white,  
 Are in profusion seen :  
 They tarry not for sheltering leaf,  
 Or blossoms of the May,  
 But trustful of spring's sure return,  
 They glad my sight to-day.

Oh, yearly do thy blossoms seem  
A token from the LORD,  
That thus He watcheth to perform  
His own unfailing word;  
And chide they not the coward heart,  
That still on sight would lean,  
Nor dares her treasur'd hopes betray  
For lack of leafy screen?  
Not such the confidence that thrill'd  
True-hearted saints of yore—  
They knew the truth their lips proclaim'  
No fond and fabling lore.

What though the rod of Aaron's rule  
Hath ceased to be rever'd,  
Nor bloom nor fruit for many a day,  
Have to our eyes appear'd,  
Yet even now the eye of faith  
Hath hail'd the mystic sign  
Of grace and truth, enduring yet,  
Along the Priestly line.  
And have ye look'd as men might look,  
Upon the almond tree,  
And marvell'd through the wintry hours,  
No verdant crown to see?

Did not its branches wait of old  
The whispering voice of spring,  
And Aaron's rod seem like the rest,  
A bare and barren thing?  
But in one night the sapless stem,  
Though sever'd from the root,  
In silence of the holy place,  
Budded and bare its fruit!



So now there are whose prophet ken  
Discerns the almond rod,  
And withering hopes revive again,  
Owning the voice of GOD!

It was not from the parent tree  
That Aaron's rod had life;  
A heavenly breathing bade it bloom  
To end the faithless strife;  
And when once more before our eyes  
The wonder is renew'd,  
How should our contrite trust confess  
Hearts to His rule subdu'd!  
How should we listen to the word,  
In calm of holiest fear,  
That tells us of the great High Priest,  
*But of the judgment near!*



## 21.

## The Days of Old.

“THE days of old were days of might,  
In forms of greatness moulded,  
And flowers of heaven grew on the earth,  
Within the Church unfolded;  
For grace fell fast as summer dew,  
And saints to giant stature grew.

“But gone, alas! the power and might,  
That in the Church resided,  
And gone the Spirit’s living light,  
That on her walls abided,  
When by our shrines He came to dwell,  
In power and presence visible!

“A blight hath pass’d upon the Church,  
Her glory is departed,  
The chill of age is on her sons  
The cold and fearful-hearted,  
And sad amid neglect and scorn,  
Our mother sits and weeps forlorn.

“Narrower and narrower every year,  
The holy circle groweth,  
And what the end of all shall be,  
Nor man nor angel knoweth—  
And so we watch and wait in fear—  
It may be that the LORD is near!”



## 22.

## Rejoinder.

YEA, watch and wait a little while—  
The weary strife is ending,  
Yet hold the red cross banner fast,  
While hope and fear are blending,  
Sure pledge of victory, though it wave  
O’er many a lov’d disciple’s grave.

A little while, a little while,  
 And ye shall see it streaming  
 From north to south, from east to west,  
 Like lightning flash, far gleaming,  
 Sign of the Son of Man in heaven,  
 Pledge of His instant advent given!

Then cheerly, brethren, watch and pray,  
 Though tempest gloom have shrouded  
 Full many a star that brightly shone,  
 And yet shall shine unclouded—  
 Jerusalem with robe of light  
 And starry crown, shall yet be bright.

For deem ye not—oh, deem ye not  
 The holy Church forsaken—  
 Or built upon the eternal rock,  
 Her sure foundation shaken,  
 Nay, for the word can never fail,  
 “The gates of hell shall not prevail!”



## 23.

### Sadness.

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.”

“The joy of the LORD is your strength.”

I HEARD the sigh, the frequent sigh  
 That told me of unrest—  
 Nay, let me speak, nor thou reply,  
 Thy secret was confess'd;

Yet chase the sadness from thy heart,  
Or thou shalt falter in thy part.

Yea, for the hero heart of faith,  
My brother, must be thine,  
Taking each word thy Leader saith  
For panoply divine,  
By all around thee undismay'd  
Counting our need the time of aid.

Alas! beneath the scorching ray  
Faint-hearted ones I see  
Whose fancy seeks some shadowy way  
Where freshness yet may be;  
But far from thee the coward thought  
With all unmanly softness fraught.

And didst thou for our Mother grieve,  
Her low estate to see?  
Yet take thou heed lest grief bereave  
The desolate of thee.  
Thy tears be such as heroes shed  
When vengeance to their souls is wed.

Yield not to sorrow's weariness  
The feeble heart and mind,  
But strong in saintly steadfastness  
Press on, nor look behind.  
By hope upheld, thou may'st not faint  
Nor waste thy breath in weak complaint.

Up, and be doing! Is there nought  
Thine energies to crave?  
Not thus in listless woe was bought  
The victory o'er the grave:

Gethsemane, thine olive grove  
Bore witness to the might of Love!

Brother, across my yearning heart  
A thought of Meroz came,  
And those who shrinking from their part  
Shall yet abide the shame,  
For bitterly the curse shall light  
On those who came not to the fight.

Rings not thy Captain's call to-day  
My Brother, in thine ear?  
Gird thee the summons to obey  
With heart of warrior cheer—  
Farewell or burial heed thou not,  
But on, and share the Conqueror's lot.

S. Luke ix. 59, 62.



## 24.

"CLARIOR E TENEBRIS."

FOR many a year my sires have liv'd  
Unnotic'd and unknown,  
The shadow of a quiet home  
Around their story thrown,  
But the motto of my Father's house  
Through ages past away  
Was a war cry on the battle field  
In the old Crusaders' day.

In peaceful though inglorious times  
Their blazonry was this,  
The sunbeams breaking through a cloud,  
"Clarior e tenebris."

But when on fields of Palestine  
For Salem's shrine they fought,  
The Christian standard wide unfurl'd,  
But its saintly lore untaught,  
They left to those who dwelt at home,  
The old armorial shield  
What time the symbol of our faith  
Their high emprise reveal'd  
Henceforth upon their knightly shield  
And banner's silken fold,  
A sable Cross on shining field  
Was traced, bedropp'd with gold.

But the motto was unalter'd still—  
A word of steadfast cheer,  
Yet many ton'd like Eol's harp  
To charm the listening ear.  
How might it nerve the youthful knight  
For valiant deeds in war,  
What time it cheer'd with tenderer trust  
His own betroth'd afar!  
And had it not for elder hearts  
A deeper, saintlier lore  
When clouds had veil'd the sunny shine  
And youth's bright dream was o'er?

When the brave Knight had fought his last,  
And stretch'd his steed beside,  
His flesh and heart were failing fast  
As ebb'd life's crimson tide.

O then, while fainter on his ear  
 His comrades' war cries fell  
 And his dim eyes no more might trace  
 The banner borne so well,  
 Those words might waken in his heart  
 A thought of bliss in store,  
 And far beyond death's shadowy vale  
 A dawn ne'er seen before.

So humbled even in the dust  
 His prayer might rise to Heaven,  
 And the peace his features wore in death  
 Might tell of one forgiven.  
 The widowed wife in lonely hall  
 Might thus the motto read,  
 Nor grudge the bitterness that taught  
 The Christian's glorious creed,  
 In heart resign'd to bear the Cross  
 Which erst her fingers wrought,  
 Nor counting e'en with life itself  
 Such gain too dearly bought.

And thus, methinks, in every mood  
 From the true heart within  
 Responsive tones of joy and peace  
 Those loyal words might win,  
 Breathing their under tone of awe  
 On life's presumptuous morn,  
 A shadow of the holy cross,  
 In anguish to be borne;  
 Yet brightening at the eventide,  
 Lest chastened hopes should fail,  
 A pledge that through each darkening cloud,  
 The glory should prevail.

We strive not now with arm of flesh,  
Upon the battle plain,  
Yet the crusade endureth still,  
The prize is yet to gain;  
Our Salem\* is the *vision* yet,  
Of peace and joy to *come*,  
And but in sternest conflict won  
For altar, heart, and home.  
The glorious warfare is our own,  
From age to age renew'd,  
And though our brethren fall on sleep,  
We still are unsubdu'd.

Though in our sight the Crescent float,  
Pale ensign of the night,  
O'er countless hosts who laugh to scorn,  
The children of the light,  
Yet still as exiles round their home,  
As Judah's outcast race,  
Around their desecrated shrine  
Returning, take their place;  
And chant, unchang'd from year to year,  
Hope's meek, yet mournful lay,  
"LORD, build Thy temple speedily,  
Even in this our day."

So gather we beneath the walls,  
Where hostile ensigns wave,  
What time our Cross-sign'd banner droops  
O'er many a comrade's grave.  
And if as in the olden time,  
Some, weary of delay,  
To their own cièlèd homes in peace  
Are fain to pass away,

\* Jerusalem may be rendered "the vision of peace."



Yet not for this our hearts shall fail,  
 Who hold the banner fast,  
 And follow where our Captain calls,  
 Enduring to the last.

The motto of my father's house,  
 Through ages past away,  
 Shall nerve me like a trumpet's call,  
 For a deadlier strife to-day,  
 And musing on the words that told  
 Their loyal trust of yore,  
 Their banner to my trancèd sight  
 Seems passing on before,  
 While cheerily their war-cry sounds  
 To urge me to the goal,  
 The very dust hath found a voice,  
 To thrill the listening soul !

Yea, by the Name upon us nam'd,  
 The badge upon our brow,  
 We too are pledg'd for high crusade,  
 We may not falter now;  
 But till the Cross-sign'd banner float  
 In Salem's banquet hall,  
 O'er guests whom to the festal board  
 The enthronèd One shall call,  
 Vow'd followers of the martyrs' King,  
 Our blazonry be this,  
 The cross, with costliest drops bedew'd,  
 “Clarior e tenebris.”

## 25.

## The Watchword.

“England expects every man to do his duty.”

IT was no time for many words—the hero’s words  
were few,  
Yet fitting speech for England’s sons, to patriot feel-  
ings true.  
He told them not of valour’s meed, of worldly wealth,  
or fame,  
But of the trust repos’d on such, and of their coun-  
try’s claim—  
He spoke of *duty*, homeliest word, yet one of import  
high,  
To nerve each liegeman’s faithful heart to conquer or  
to die.

He stirr’d up no vainglorious zeal, on selfish ends  
intent—  
He spoke to those whose hero-hearts on hero-deeds  
were bent—  
“England expecteth every man to do his duty now,”  
Were words that stamp’d the high resolve on many  
a manly brow,  
And loudly from the British fleet arose the answering  
cheer,  
That bade their leader’s heart rejoice, and bade the  
foemen fear.

Full fifty men the foemen's fire swept by the hero's side,  
Yet not until he gave the word, his steadfast crew  
replied—

No, though they saw their comrades fall, yet train'd  
in duty's lore,

They stood beside their guns unmov'd amid the  
deafening roar—

Not till they grappled with the foe, their conflict was  
begun,

Then fierce the encounter side by side, where room to  
flee was none.

In victory's hour their leader fell, and England  
mourn'd her son,

Though triumph sooth'd his dying pangs, and thoughts  
of duty done.

He left a name for history's page, and long through-  
out the land

Shall British sailors proudly tell of Nelson's last com-  
mand,—

And long as England's Cross-sign'd flag floats queen-  
like o'er the main,

Those noble words shall serve to rouse the patriot's  
zeal again.

---

Soldier of CHRIST, to Him devote, sound not such  
words to thee

A trumpet's animating note of holier chivalry?

Not England now to English hearts appealeth in the  
call,

It is the voice of Christendom—it is the cry of all!

Yea, CHRIST of His baptized claims their bounden  
duty now,  
While angels gladden as they trace His pledge on lip  
and brow.

Are there not those on whom this day, creation's hope  
doth rest,  
While brightly burns the heav'n-lit spark in many  
a saintly breast?  
They court not danger where they list—they seek not  
for a name—  
Knight-errantry enough hath been!—such folly they  
disclaim—  
A purer zeal hath fir'd their hearts, at duty's call to  
serve,  
No scatter'd host, no lawless band, from post assign'd  
to swerve.

Well may the Church in this our land with humble-  
ness adore  
The LORD Who on her sons hath deign'd such won-  
drous grace to pour,  
That train'd in glad obedience they should head the  
saintly band,  
Who at His watchword shall go forth, fulfilling His  
command,  
For lo, where Judah's lion floats to lead the onward way,  
The tribes of Israel, one by one, their leader's call obey.

So when rash deeds of "derring do" with emulation  
thrill,  
Remember we, our highest praise is duty to fulfil.  
Who fondly fancy to do *more*, in very truth do *less*,  
Though profitless when all is done, our service we  
confess.

Yet high their calling, be thou sure, who meekly day  
by day,  
Onward with all their brethren march in no self-chosen  
way.

And deem not lightly of the task to each of us as-  
sign'd;  
It asketh all the energies of heart, and soul, and mind.  
Not our's the work of ages past, though many a saint  
have run  
The race before us—not as yet the glorious prize is  
won;  
By *one* alone receivèd, so in *oneness* ye shall gain  
The many crowns laid up for all who labour'd not in  
vain.

It is not our's in cloister'd cell to serve the LORD  
apart,  
But link'd in bond of brotherhood with love's en-  
largèd heart,  
Firm in the battle's front to stand, where room is  
none to flee,  
And fearless grapple with the foe, though life the  
cost should be.  
Yet with our victory song shall blend no undertone  
of wail—  
A garland for each saintly brow! none from the  
ranks shall fail!

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the  
word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the  
death.”

## 26.

## Loneliness.

SAY not that thou art lonely, true soldier of the Cross !  
Withdrawn into the desert, count not thy gain for  
    loss,  
Nor dream the stillness round thee the stillness of the  
    grave,  
Though not a breath seem stirring thy banner's fold  
    to wave.

A strength not thine secur'd it within thy feeble clasp,  
When nerveless seem'd thy right hand, the Spirit's  
    sword to grasp,  
And ere the foe might triumph to mark thy courage  
    fail,  
A cloud was interposing its dark impervious veil.

And grudge not at the leading in wilderness afar,  
Where not a sound may reach thee, of all the din of  
    war.  
Is not the respite given to quench thy burning thirst  
Where from the Rock beside thee, the living waters  
    burst ?

The Sharer of thy weakness, the Strengtheners of  
    thy trust,  
Thy feeble frame remembers, remembers thou art  
    dust ;

And thus thy strength renewing, He nerves thee for  
the fight,  
While buried hopes within thee are gathering up their  
might.

Mid strife of tongues unheeded, His still small voice  
might sound,  
But now its deep-ton'd echoes are wakening all  
around,  
And quicken'd pulses warn thee of unseen champions  
near—  
The very dust beneath thee is vocal in thine ear!

Fast as thy tears are raining upon the desert sod,  
They win thee back responses from the bosom of thy  
GOD,  
Faint murmurings as of music, the prelude to a song  
From those who sleep in JESUS, to waken up ere long—

“Oh! lowly as thou bendest, our prayers with thine  
ascend,  
The voice of many ages doth with each breathing  
blend,  
Their voice who fought before you, nor yet the prize  
have won  
Who tarry till their children the glorious race have  
run.

“The faith that liveth in you, dwelt in our bosoms first,  
The hope that cheers you onward, was in our ashes  
nurs'd;  
Though in the weary desert we have but found a grave,  
Nor yet the palms of victory before our GOD we wave,

“ Yet by the faith unfeignèd, our hope shall never fail,  
And by the love unwearied, the prayer shall yet prevail,  
Till lightnings flash an answer from the rainbow-circled throne,  
And thunderings of the Almighty shall make His judgments known.”



## 27.

## Paraphrase of the Forty-eighth Psalm.

REV. J. G. C.

HOSANNA! Hosanna! give praise to the LORD;  
How mighty His arm! how faithful His word!  
Oh! to Him, Who is strong to defend, to deliver,  
Give ye glory to GOD, Who is faithful for ever!

From the city that stands on her living foundations,  
Let the shout of a King now go forth to the nations  
On the mount of the LORD let the banner unfurl'd  
His advent, His triumph, proclaim to the world.

Lo! at length 'tis arisen, of long ages the birth,  
Mount Zion, the beauty and joy of the earth;  
On her north the bright city not builded with hands,  
GOD's own workmanship, perfect, impregnable stands;



Immanuel's presence her mighty defence,  
The full blaze of Omnipotence lightens from thence.

For lo! on the kings with their hosts as the sand,  
Rushing fiery and fierce at Abaddon's command,  
One glance of her splendour shed startling dismay;  
They saw—their hearts wither'd—they hasted away.  
As the pangs of a woman, fierce anguish o'ertook  
    them;  
In the hour of their need their deceiver forsook  
    them,  
All refuge cut off, for JEHOVAH hath spoken,  
And the proud ships of Tarshish an east wind hath  
    broken.

As oft in our ears the old seers had foretold it,  
From the towers of GOD's city our eyes now behold it:  
In that city of strength, now establish'd for ever,  
Shout the high praise of Him Whose decree faileth  
    never!

In the temple all glorious, sweet psalms are ascending,  
The voice of her thousands, in harmony blending,  
While they think of the strong love their footsteps  
    that guided,  
Of the wisdom paternal that o'er them presided,  
And oh! in what deep adoration they bow,  
When they think of the mercy that crowneth them  
    now!

O the Name of our GOD! (as the sun of the morning  
Disperses the darkness, in beauty adorning  
The face of creation, all gladsome with light,)  
Now shines in full loveliness, cloudlessly bright!

Yes, His Name shineth forth, and with bounty o'er-  
flowing,  
In the hues of the rainbow the new earth is glowing :  
Like a river of life through the desert it flows,  
And the wilderness blossoms, and smiles as the rose!  
The long curse is remov'd—the avenger is dumb—  
The kingdom of GOD is in righteousness come—  
Lo! the white flag of peace, but in stern conflict won!  
Lo! the Lamb cloth'd with power! the Priest on the  
throne!

O ye, who have follow'd the Lamb in the hour  
Of dark suffering, rejoice in His sceptre of power!  
O ye children, admire what JEHOVAH hath done,  
Till His Name in your foreheads shine forth as the sun!  
Let the daughters of Judah with melody bring  
Their wreaths to the feet of the many-crown'd King,  
Who hath rent with His mighty arm, clothèd with  
thunder,  
The chain of the groaning creation asunder!

And walk about Zion—the towers thereof tell,  
Consider her bulwarks and palaces well;  
'Tis the seat of the Prince in His Majesty, whence  
The law goeth forth, His wide kingdom's defence.  
Let the nations come up, and do homage before Him,  
Let all generations know, love, and adore Him,  
For oh! He is worthy! the Lamb, Who was slain  
To redeem us from hell! He is worthy to reign!

Thus faith, as the future the vision discloses,  
On the breast of Immanuel firmly reposes.  
Yea, Himself, the Almighty, our Friend doth abide,  
Unto death, and through death, and for ever our Guide!

## 28.

“Ye know not what ye ask.”

E. O.

THOU who art bending low the knee,  
And low the loving heart,  
Who fain would'st bear in JESUS' grief,  
And in His work, a part,

Still do the hopes of youth arise,  
Still are its visions gay?  
Canst thou endure that one by one,  
They *all* should pass away?

The warfare wag'd within thy breast  
Is strong, and stern, and high,  
And oft the victory is won  
In tears of agony.

On—on—for ever on—thy feet  
Must tread a darkling road;  
And many a time thy spirit bow  
Alone, beneath its load.

Yes, pour thy prayer, full, deep, and free,  
Ask what thy Master sought,  
And not thine but thy FATHER's will  
Within thee shall be wrought.

Would'st thou go forth to dry the tear,  
To soothe the wounded heart?  
Thine eyes must weep, thy heart must bear  
Affliction's keenest smart:

For pure as snow the word may be,  
And it will fall as cold,  
If from the fulness of thy heart  
Its truth thou have not told.

And dream not *thou* canst kindle faith  
If thine it has not been  
To feel its power uplift thee high,  
Above earth's passing scene.

So shalt thou have thy Master's heart,  
A labourer thus shalt prove  
With Him, Who sows in tears, but waits  
"The harvest time of love."



## 29.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

BROTHER, still the watch is set,  
And the conflict dureth yet,  
Though to some in sleep it seem  
But a dim and fearful dream,  
Tranc'd upon the battle-ground,  
While the foe is gathering round.

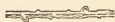
Once the three disciples slept,  
While their Master pray'd and wept,  
Fainting 'neath the weight of woe  
Only One might bear to know,  
Not on couch of ease reposing,  
Heavy eyelids gently closing,

In the olive garden lying,  
Night winds o'er their weakness sighing,  
From that overburthening grief  
Worn-out nature crav'd relief,  
While for conflict unprepar'd,  
Pitying love the slumberers spar'd,  
And the powers of darkness fail'd,  
When for us the LORD prevail'd.  
Thrice He rous'd them, but at last  
His sore agony o'erpast,  
And prepar'd alone to tread  
Path that to the glory led  
Through the dark, unfathom'd deep,  
Where none else might footing keep,  
Yea, in heart resign'd to meet  
His betrayer's coming feet,  
Gentle were the words He spake,  
Slumber's heaviness to shake  
From His followers sore oppress'd,  
"Sleep on *now*, and take *your* rest,  
For in sinners' hands betray'd,  
On Me is your burden laid."  
Could they at His call awaking,  
But to find the foe o'ertaking,  
Judas, and his armèd band,  
With their LORD the onset stand?  
No! though one with fleshly sword  
Thought to battle for his LORD,  
*Other* weapons JESUS ask'd,  
*Other* might this conflict task'd—  
Sufferance won the victory here,  
While they fled in panic fear.

Brother, in anointed might  
Manhood yet shall win the fight!

Urgent now the voice of love,  
 Slothful slumberers to reprove—  
 “ Watch, and pray, one hour *with Me*,  
 Strengthen’d for love’s agony,  
 And though flesh and heart should fail,  
 Ye shall with the Lamb prevail,  
 Sav’d from Satan’s fearful power  
 In temptation’s coming hour,  
 On earth’s dwellers, every one,  
 Coming swiftly, sparing none !  
 Rouse ye, ere the crown ye lose ;  
 Choose ye, for ye needs must choose,  
 Whether will ye by *My* side  
 One short hour the strife abide,  
 Or in darker, dreader hour  
 Dare the tempter’s fearful power,  
 When, who enter in the strife,  
 Scarce in death shall save their life ? ”

“ Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.”



### 30.

“ Your fathers, where are they ? and the prophets, do they live for ever ? ”—“ Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.”—“ This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.”

“ OUR fathers, where are they ? The prophets, do they  
 On immortal life lay hold ?  
 They cease from their plaint, and weary, and faint,  
 Are we better than those of old ? ”

“Nay, ye who are fed with the heav’nly bread,  
And gladden’d with heav’nly wine,  
Shrink not to endure! The promise is sure,  
And is not your strength divine?”

“Our fathers did eat the same spiritual meat,  
And they drank, as we drink to-day,  
Yet they laid them down ere they reach’d the crown,  
And we are not better than they.”

“Did they eat and die? But then know ye *why*?  
’Twas ye wist not what He gave,  
But eat ye in faith of the word He saith—  
Ye shall win them from the grave!

“Yet say not, ‘They fail’d who should have prevail’d,’  
Nor count ye their slumber unblest’d,  
For the body is *one*, and the prize is won  
By no member without the rest.

“Oh! their faith is yours, and their hope endures,  
And they only wait for you,  
Till ye win the grace to behold His face  
With a pure, glad heart, and true!

“Then think not of sleep—seek rather to keep  
Your vigil till CHRIST shall appear.  
He hath not forgot—He tarrieth not—  
Look up, for His coming is near!

“Yea, watch unto prayer, and of this beware,  
That no man take your crown—  
Hold fast what ye have—to the darksome grave  
There are who shall not go down.

“Your fathers did eat the same spiritual meat,  
And they drank of the Rock beside,  
But they won release, and they rest in peace,  
Until that your faith be tried.

“Yet a little while, and their waking smile  
Shall acknowledge their sleep was sweet,  
As on eagle wing, to the skies they spring,  
Their returning LORD to meet.”



## 37.

## The Past and the Present.

E. O.

OH! mourn not that the days are past,  
The glorious days of old,  
When the Church her faith in CHRIST held fast,  
And for the truth was bold.

She stands not now, as once she stood,  
With robe and armour bright;  
For rusted is her armour good,  
And dimm'd her robe of white.

Low as of penitence, her prayer,  
Her brow has bent in dust,  
But still the starry light is there,  
And still unquench'd her trust.



She hath yielded on the battle plain,  
For her standard bearers fainted;  
She hath turn'd from Altar shades to gain  
The bowers by fancy painted.

But the royal heart of grace she knows,  
And the sevenfold pardon given;  
And round her form once more there glows  
The panoply of heaven.

And who may count the faith less dear  
That rises from decay,  
And while the world grows dull and sere,  
Puts on her youth's array,

Than that which erst in sunshine bath'd,  
Sang her baptismal song,  
And yet by conflict all unscath'd,  
Went forth for triumph strong?

The promise hath been grasp'd again  
That cheer'd her onward first,  
And in her heart a prophet strain  
Love born of hope, hath nurs'd.

Now stands the Church within her porch,  
And on her wistful eye  
The lightning flash for bridal torch,  
Streams through the midnight sky.

Ear hath not heard the marriage hymn—  
Eye hath not seen the dower  
Of her, who hopes when faith grows dim,  
Through the long trial hour!

## 32.

“TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.”

“LIEGEMAN of the martyrs’ King,”  
(Did a cross-sign’d maiden sing)  
“Say not when a darkening cloud  
Wraps thee like a funeral shroud,  
And o’ercome with grief erewhile,  
Thoughts of rest thy soul beguile;  
Say not other hopes are vain—  
Long the watchings! sore the pain!  
And to die is counted gain.

“Hast thou then with Paul endur’d,  
Like him of thy crown assur’d,  
Faithful preacher of the word,  
Living but to serve his LORD,  
Daily dying for His sake,  
Seeking not His bonds to break?  
Did he count *earth’s* guerdon dross?  
Yea, my brother, *for the Cross*  
*All* of gain he counted loss.

“Love, my brother, loyal love  
Counteth labours rest above—  
Counts it blessedness to bide  
By the Man of Sorrow’s side—  
Would not for sweet sleep forego,  
Fellowship in JESUS’ woe,  
Listening to His anguish’d groan,  
And in secret places lone,  
Mingling with His tears her own.

“ Brother, once when sick at heart,  
I too dream’d that to depart,  
And to be with CHRIST at rest,  
For His weary ones were best—  
Trembling in myself the while  
Lest presumption might beguile  
One in perils all untried,  
Faint through weakness, ere noontide,  
Thus a still, small voice replied :—

“ ‘ Hast thou said, To die is gain,  
Rest from labour, ease from pain?  
Yet to *live* is CHRIST; and how  
Gain to CHRIST preferrest thou?  
Strength from hidden fountains gushing  
Thrill’d me, with confusion blushing;  
And I answered, Blessed One,  
Holier hope Thy words have won;  
So in me Thy will be done.

“ Liegeman of the martyrs’ King,”  
(Did a cross-sign’d maiden sing)  
“ Say not then to live is vain,  
And to die is counted gain.  
Nay, my brother, think of some  
Tarrying till their LORD shall come;  
And while He hath need of thee  
Let thy knightly motto be,  
*Gain for others! CHRIST for me !*”



## 33.

*The Message Confirmed.*

O YE, whom GOD hath given  
For help to Israel now,  
On whom for blessing resteth  
The heaven-recorded vow ;  
Ye, who in white apparel  
Stand up His word to bring,  
To comfort Zion's daughter  
With tidings of a King ;

Chide not the heavy-hearted,  
Who, bow'd beneath her chain,  
Hears not for very anguish,  
Or deems your message vain.  
Pangs as of one in travail—  
Ah ! let them utterance find,  
Nor seek in death-like silence  
The struggling life to bind.

And where, if not among you,  
Should Zion's grief find voice ?  
Nor marvel if the captive  
Be tardy to rejoice.  
Have ye the mother's patience,  
The mother's heart of love,  
The wailing of her nursling  
To pity, not reprove ?

And know ye what it teacheth  
When fondly ye essay  
With tidings of salvation  
The heartsick one to stay?  
Not till the hands, long palsied,  
Have found their ancient might,  
Not till the bands are loosèd,  
And she behold the light,

Can Zion's captive daughter  
Lift up her earth-dimm'd brow,  
And change for robes of glory  
Her sackcloth garment now.  
Yea, while for the deliverance  
Her eyes with watching fail,  
No word that lacks confirming,  
Though truthful, can avail.

The Name, the Name upon you  
Must in your deeds appear,  
So shall your words be mighty  
The captive's heart to cheer;  
As when the prophet Moses  
Wrought wonders with his rod,  
The people bow'd and worshipp'd,  
And own'd him sent of GOD—

As when the Church's Bridegroom  
First bade His glory shine,  
And changed at Cana's bridal  
The water into wine,  
By deeds of kingly blessing  
Illumin'd to believe,  
He strengthened the true-hearted  
Their SAVIOUR to receive ;

So now what time He sendeth  
His message to His own,  
The gleamings of His glory  
Shall make His presence known.  
Hath not the word *Apostles*  
Gone sounding through the land,  
A thousand echoes waking,  
Though few might understand ?

But when our need is sorest,  
And it is sore to-day!  
And for the cruel bondage  
We turn from words away,  
By apostolic *actings*,  
By deeds of love and power,  
GOD shall uplift His chosen,  
So desolate this hour !

E'en now the cry of anguish  
Is eloquent above  
To win the speedy succour  
Of everlasting love  
The captive's supplication  
Hath found a plea at length,  
" Arm of the LORD JEHOVAH,  
Awake, put on Thy strength !

" Is not Thy power unshorten'd,  
Thou Shepherd of Thy fold,  
To make the seas a pathway,  
As in the days of old ?  
Our fathers have declarèd,  
Our ears the story heard,  
But we are spent with sighing,  
And sick with hope deferr'd !

“ For Thy name’s sake we pray thee,  
Yea, for Thine honour’s sake,  
Arm of the LORD JEHOVAH,  
Awake, once more awake !  
Rise, help us, and deliver,  
O GOD, our fathers’ GOD !  
And work Thine ancient wonders  
With Moses’ outstretch’d rod.”



## 34.

## Our Mother Church.

BY S. M.

“ These are the tones to brace and cheer  
The lonely watcher of the fold,  
When nights are dark and foemen near,  
When visions fade and hearts grow cold.

“ How timely then a comrade’s song  
Comes floating on the mountain air,  
And bids thee yet be bold and strong,  
Fancy may die, but faith is there.”

KEBLE.

THOUGH thou art lowly now,  
Pale and discrown’d,  
Laying thy holy brow  
Faint on the ground,  
Traitors deceiving thee,  
Scorners surrounding,  
False teachers grieving thee,  
Feeble hearts leaving thee,  
Cruel hands wounding ;

Though the storm hover  
Frowning and dark ;  
Though the wave cover  
The walls of thine ark,  
And Hope's sweet dove for thee  
Bring not one leaf ;  
Mother, our love for thee  
Grows with thy grief !

What if her word may be  
Void of command !  
What if the sword we see  
Drop from her hand !  
Shall we not fear her ?  
Dare we forget her ?  
Cling we the nearer !  
Love we the better !  
Let our thoughts only paint  
What she hath been,  
Meek as a lonely saint,  
Crown'd as a queen !  
Where she lies dumbly,  
Gather we humbly  
Kneeling, and say,  
" Powerless and lonely,  
Speak, whisper only,  
We will obey !"

No idle sigh for her !  
Ye, who would die for her,  
Nerve ye to live for her,  
Suffer and strive for her ;  
Pray for her tearfully,  
Hope for her fearfully,



Let your tears rain on her,  
Till each foul stain on her,  
    Pass from the sight,  
And there remain on her,  
    Robes of pure white !

By the dews of thy morning,  
    Holy and soft,—  
By words of sweet warning,  
    Utter'd so oft,—  
By accents adoring,  
    Daily which rise  
Where spires upsoaring  
    Pierce the deep skies—  
By Him whose mission  
    Gave not in vain  
The awful commission,  
    “Remit, and retain !”  
By the life which thou livest  
    Ev'n now in thy shame—  
By the *food* which thou givest,  
    We dare not to name—  
By the gifts that are in thee,  
    Power, faith, and purity,  
Seek we to win thee  
    From sloth and obscurity ;  
Answer our loyalty,  
    Waiting and weeping !  
Put on thy royalty !  
    Rise from thy sleeping !

Take thine old place again  
    Where stars are bright,  
And from GOD's face again  
    Drink deathless light !

Rise and subdue to thee  
All as of old,  
Those that were true to thee,  
Those that were cold,—  
Children, who pained thee,  
Tyrants, who took thee,  
Foes, who disdain'd thee,  
Friends, who forsook thee.  
Yes, all shall gaze on thee,  
Showering their praise on thee,  
As those pure rays on thee  
Visibly shine ;  
Earth, now no home for thee,  
Then shall become for thee  
One mighty shrine,  
One vast community,  
Known by its unity,  
Truly divine !

Call ye this vanity,  
Work never done,  
Which poor humanity  
Mars ere begun ?  
Nay, no despair for us !  
Think on CHRIST's prayer for us,  
“ *Let them be one !* ”  
Ear to the thunder dull,  
Sense-blinded eye,  
GOD still is wonderful,  
CHRIST yet is nigh !

## 35.

## Response to the foregoing.

YEA, brethren, hear ye not  
Voices reply ?  
True of heart, fear ye not,  
"CHRIST yet is nigh!"  
His promise cannot fail;  
Still doth His grace prevail,  
Striving to bless.  
Ah, by the word of power  
Thrilling your hearts this hour !  
Ye too confess,  
Help from GOD's altar  
Sent to His own,  
Lest ye should falter,  
Ye too have known !  
Ye see not, it may be,  
Who minister there—  
Ye skill not, it may be,  
His answer to prayer,  
But ye eat and are strong,  
And ye take up our song,  
And we in joyfulness  
Answer to you,  
Hailing your trustfulness,  
Faithful and true !  
  
We too would sing to you  
Songs GOD hath taught ;

Fain would we bring to you  
    Help He hath brought,  
Joyfully telling you  
    What He hath wrought :  
Say, shall our tidings seem  
But as an idle dream,  
    Mockery of cheer ?  
Nay, by your own glad song,  
Doubting, we do you wrong ;  
    We will not fear !  
Know then our cry is heard !  
Faint not for hope deferr'd ;  
Hold fast the faithful word ;  
    Helpers are near !  
Have ye sad vigil kept ?  
Have ye for Zion wept ?  
    Be of good cheer !  
Soon, as yourselves have said,  
Zion shall lift her head,  
Glory around her shed,  
Wearing the diadem,  
Set with each starry gem,  
    Queenly to see !  
Catch ye no gleaming now  
Circling uplifted brow,  
    Faint though it be ?  
Stars shine out here and there ;  
Watch, brethren, unto prayer !  
Wait for the heavenly shower ;  
Claim ye the bridal dower,  
    No part foregone !  
Robes long time laid aside,  
Meet for CHRIST'S spotless bride ;  
    Jewels each one !

Yea, He restoreth,  
    Who took not away !  
Yea, He outpoureth  
    His treasures to-day,  
Precious gifts, needful all,  
    None can be spar'd !  
So may the Bridegroom's call  
    Find us prepar'd !

Seems such hope "vanity,  
    Work never done,  
By poor humanity  
    Marr'd ere begun ?"  
Nay, by no fleshly skill  
Might we the work fulfil,  
Baffling man's wisdom still,  
    CHRIST's way untaught !  
Nor to the end, save  
By gifts that He gave,  
    Shall it be wrought !

Seek ye the gifts then ;  
Look ye for living men,  
Sent from the living LORD,  
Preaching no doubtful word,  
Loosing the captive's bands,  
Laying on holy hands,  
    Sealing the Bride !  
Numbering each faithful one,  
Known unto GOD alone,  
    Found on His side !  
Mourners, whose contrite sigh,  
Is not unheard on high,  
Amid the abounding  
Of evil surrounding,  
    Spotless and tried !

Ask ye for warranty  
Whose may such mission be ?  
Not in uncertainty  
    Shall ye remain.  
Yet think how Joseph seem'd  
One who of folly dream'd,  
    Boyish and vain,  
And from his story learn,  
Elder ones may not spurn  
    *All* words of youth.  
Prove ye what others say;  
Cast ye the lie away,  
    Hold fast the truth.  
Stand in your places still,  
Working your FATHER's will;  
Look not at ages past,  
What ye have, hold ye fast—  
Strong in faith, make not haste—  
    All shall be plain !  
Seek not to seven-hill'd Rome;  
Wait till deliverance come,  
    Wait, not in vain !

Living epistle, lo !  
All men may read and know,  
    Yet shall be given ;  
And when a Kingly word  
Cometh from CHRIST the LORD,  
    Bonds shall be riven !  
Heed not the lie foretold,  
    “ Lo ! here—lo ! there ”—  
Were ye not warn'd of old ?  
    Of such beware !  
One standeth at your side  
    Mighty to save !

Still in His Church abide  
     Gifts that He gave !  
 Would ye a token  
     Proving Him nigh ?  
 Words He hath spoken—  
     Pass them not by !  
 Words by our risen Head  
 Unto *apostles* said,  
     Wondrous as true !  
 “Lo!” (as though teaching us  
 Thenceforth to seek Him thus)  
     “ I am with *you*,”  
 Said He not, “ always,  
     Ev’n to the end ?”  
 Look out—where are they  
     Whom He doth send ?  
 Sent not by other men,  
     Nor by man’s will !  
 Thus, till He come again,  
     Find ye Him still !



## 36.

## The Link between Faith and Love.

“ Now abideth Faith, HOPE, Charity,”  
 “ Ye are saved by *hope*.”

O YE, whose hearts are burning  
     With zeal that love inspires,  
 In secret and in silence  
     Nurse up your high desires.

Ye shall not lack occasion  
Your hardihood to prove ;  
Ye yet may win the guerdon  
Of royal faith and love.

Hold fast the hope's rejoicing,  
Most precious, and most pure,  
So shall ye not grow weary  
But to the end endure.  
Because of hope that enters  
Within the glory veil  
Your faith shall be unfeignèd,  
Your love shall never fail.

Yea, nought but *hope* shall save you  
And strengthen to abide  
While patience is made perfect,  
And faith by waiting tried.  
Faint-hearted ones may waver,  
But ye shall walk with GOD,  
And where ye have your treasure,  
Shall be your hearts' abode.

Ye shall not think of seeking  
In Baca's vale a rest,  
But on the Rock's high places  
Shall be the eagle's nest.  
Mount Zion's steep ascending,  
Ye shall renew your strength,  
Till eagle wings upbear you  
To meet your LORD at length.

Yet if for that ye see not,  
Such heavenly *hope* be given,  
Will ye not wait with patience  
Till every bond be riven ?



Yea, for the *hope* of glory,  
 Though hidden in the grave,  
 Shall never make ashamed,  
 Shall never fail to save!

Know ye when all around you  
 Is mantled by the snow,  
 How nurtur'd in earth's bosom,  
 The springtide flowerets grow?  
 Lo! thus the hope He quicken'd,  
 Whose word our spirits bow'd,  
 But gathereth strength and beauty  
 Beneath the burial shroud.

There warm at heart, it buddeth—  
 It waiteth but a while  
 To burst in new-born brightness,  
 And win creation's smile.  
 Oh, when her shrouded treasures  
 Earth's bosom shall disclose,  
 How will the desert gladden,  
 And blossom as the rose!

But ye, oh, ye Belovèd!  
 On whom such hope is laid,  
 To future generations  
 Shall it be still betray'd?  
 And will ye fold the banner  
 Ye thought to lift on high,  
 And ask but with your fathers  
 To lay you down, and die?

Yea, thus of old Elijah •  
 Pour'd forth his hopeless plaint;  
 And *he* who *won translation*  
 Was by the wayside faint;

But twice the angel touch'd him,  
 And bade him rise and eat,  
 Till strengthen'd to press onward  
 By that celestial meat.

And will ye yield to slumber,  
 To whom by angels given,  
 The meat and drink eternal  
 Are minister'd from heaven?  
 Nay, but your strength renewing,  
 Life thrills through every vein,  
 And in the heart reviveth  
 Hope's own prophetic strain—

“ O ye, whose hearts are burning  
 With zeal that love inspires,  
 In secret and in silence  
 Nurse up your high desires.  
 Ye shall not lack occasion  
 Your hardihood to prove;  
 Ye yet may win the guerdon  
 Of royal faith and love.”

Think ye the host of martyrs  
 Have left no crowns for you?  
 Think ye that there remaineth  
 No witness work to do?  
 Think ye the foe is powerless,  
 Or that his worst is done?  
 Nay, but a conflict cometh  
 Ye may not hope to shun.

It cometh on the faithful—  
 It finds them in array!  
 It cometh on the dreamers,  
 And where—oh! *where are they!*

*Then* look ye for no respite  
To gird your armour on,  
Lest ere ye find your weapons  
The fight be lost and won !

Yea, by the sign upon you,  
And by the Name ye bear,  
And by the Red Cross banner  
Committed to your care,  
And by the lie unsilenc'd,  
And by the oppressèd's plaint,  
And by the graves around you,  
Where slumbers many a saint ;

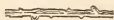
Ye have to bear your witness,  
It may be unto blood !  
Ye have to stand undaunted  
Where once Apostles stood.  
Ye have to lift the banner,  
With rainbow radiance bright,  
To leave the foil'd usurper  
No pennon save of *night*—

While faithful ones confess you  
In sevenfold glory fair,  
And read upon your standard  
Truth's fulness blazon'd there ;  
Ye have to still the avenger,  
To give him back the lie—  
Ye have to loose the prisoners,  
Or e'er ye mount on high.

Oh, but in sternest conflict  
The victory must be won !  
And fiery is the trial  
That proveth every one !

So gird ye for the onset  
While breathing space ye find,  
And watch and pray unwearied,  
Each in the place assign'd.

1845.



## 37.

## The Church's Amen.

“ I called upon Thy Name, O LORD, out of the dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice ; hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.”

IT was not as in olden time,  
When in the House of Prayer,  
Of multitudes the voice sublime  
Swell'd the responses there,  
Like thunder answering from on high  
The suppliant people's Litany.

Yet listening to a hush'd “ Amen,”  
I marvell'd at its power,  
And earnest thoughts came o'er me then,  
Of JESUS' suffering hour,  
And that brief prayer, “ Thy will be done,”  
Which seal'd the obedience of the SON.

There are, who think the Church's prayer  
A thing of calm and ease,  
Who never wrestled with despair  
Alone upon their knees.  
Nor deem'd the tempted one's, "Amen,"  
Might ask an angel's help again.

Yea, but to breathe *that word* shall prove  
Anointed manhood's might,  
The quenchless energy of love  
In death's and hell's despite,  
Till agony shall end in rest,  
Sonship and Fatherhood confess'd!

"And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him; and being in an agony He prayed more earnestly, and He said, 'Abba, FATHER, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from Me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt.'"



## 38.

## The Hour of Prayer.

FEW in number, but very few,  
Were all whom man could see—  
Only two with the Priests of GOD  
Worshipp'd on bended knee,  
Proving the word that JESUS spake  
To the gather'd two or three.

Yet a thousand thousand the pulses were  
That beat in each deep Amen,  
And the prayerful heart of many a saint  
Found utterance there and then,  
What time they follow'd their daily task  
'Mong the busy haunts of men.

There were who felt as if angel hands  
Were effacing the lines of care  
From the brow of age, till it seem'd again  
As an infant's, smooth and fair,  
With but the sign and the seal of faith  
Impress'd in its brightness there !

How many a mourner's starting tear  
Was glistening ere it fell !  
How many a murmuring thought was sham'd  
By the breath of that holy spell !  
Though whence, and whither, it came and went,  
Perchance but few might tell.

But the joy was won from the House of Prayer  
Where the two or three were found  
In the solemn worship of those who knew  
That the place was holy ground,  
And that JESUS Himself was in their midst,  
And His Heavenly Hosts around !

*Without* were sounds of the work-day world,  
With its ceaseless toil and strife,  
And the poor beneath their burdens groan'd,  
And the rich 'neath the pride of life ;  
Whithersoever the eye might glance,  
Vexation and care were rife.

But *within* it was as the brooding calm  
Of outstretch'd angel wings,  
And weary ones found their strength renew'd  
As they drank of the living springs,  
And pour'd their trust in each holy psalm,  
And sang as childhood sings.

Few in number, yes, very few  
Were all whom man could see,  
But faith only joy'd the more to know  
Of a countless company—  
The Church of the Firstborn, and Angel Hosts  
Were there with the two or three!



## 39.

## A Battle Song.

O BE of good courage, ye faithful few,  
Though ye seem to stand alone,  
While the Red Cross banner its drooping fold  
O'er a martyr'd host hath thrown.

They fought the good fight  
In their watch by night  
But they might not endure for aye—  
Their guerdon unwon

Though their work was done,  
They sank, as in mortal fray.

Powerless ye deem them, yet silent might

To their voiceless prayer belongs;  
Ye shall prove it soon when they lead the way  
In the morn's triumphal songs.

And ye may not weep  
 For the saints who sleep,  
 As in hopeless, helpless woe.  
 In their footprints ye tread;  
 Ye stand in their stead  
 To avenge them of the foe.

Though the darts come thick through the fearful night,  
 And ye see your comrades fall,  
 It is but to rest from the strife betimes—  
 It shall not be thus with all—  
 There are, who shall stand  
 With their sword in hand,  
 And salvation's helm on head,  
 Unscath'd mid the slain  
 On the battle plain,  
 Whence the vaunting foe hath fled.



## 40.

“I PRAYED TO GOD TO AVENGE ME OF DEATH.”

ED. IRVING.

O DEATH, thou keen insulting enemy,  
 Here, kneeling lonely in this desolate room  
 I have pray'd sore to be aveng'd of thee  
 For this thy cruel deed; and from the gloom  
 Of the dark entrance chamber of the tomb,  
 Now go I forth once more, from this sharp hour  
 To fight against thee, battling manfully  
 With that fell Prince, who gives thee all thy power;  
 And mighty is the arm that strengthens me!  
 Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower



To hide my bleeding heart, oh ! then the thought  
 Of that sweet victim ravished from my side,  
 And Him Who to redeem thy captives died,  
 Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

From Poems by the REV. THOS. WHYTEHEAD.

March 17th, 1845.



# 41.

“DUST SHALL BE THE SERPENT'S MEAT.”

Faint, yes, faint on the battle plain,  
 Weeping sore o'er the newly slain,  
 With a nerveless hand as I grasp'd the sword,  
 Light from above was around me pour'd !

---

It came on my grief like the lightning flash  
 When the midnight gloom is riven,  
 And words that burst like the thunder's crash  
 To the burning thought were given !  
 No railing words, but the righteous doom  
 That our Judge pronounc'd on thee,  
 That cursèd above every beast of the field,  
 O serpent ! thou shouldest be.  
 Yes, herb for the cattle, for every beast  
 Hath the LORD provided meat,  
 But for ever thou art a groveller now,  
 And dust only shalt thou eat !

And, O mine enemy ! boast thou not  
 That to death thy work hath sped,  
 For the bruised heel is the one that yet  
 Shall trample upon thy head !

And even now that my heart is wrung  
At thought of the grave's decay,  
I know that thy sting hath but downward pass'd,  
And that dust is all thy prey!  
Thou may'st feed on this, but the soul hath scap'd  
As a bird from the fowler's snare,  
While He Whose image thou wouldest destroy,  
Shall answer our weeping prayer.

He shall plead our cause though we bear our shame,  
As we give our dust to dust,  
And Hades and death shall His might proclaim,  
And uninjur'd yield their trust.  
Oh, the broken heart hath its own repose  
In thought of His mercy's deep!  
Earth helpeth the woman, engulphing thy flood,  
Her wilderness hiding to keep.  
Yea, the very dust over which we ask'd,  
"And shall it declare His praise?"  
Shall yet find a tongue, when thou liest dumb,  
The rejoicing song to raise.

We answer thee not, but He Who in love  
A brand from the burning took,  
His branch of renown shall with glory crown,  
And the vengeful foe rebuke;  
Yea, glorious garments for robes defil'd  
Shall be to His chosen given,  
And the might of Michael shall cast thee down  
From thy place usurp'd in heaven.  
And even on earth, lo! the goodness of GOD  
Overreacheth thy fell despite—  
The world He so lov'd shall His glory own,  
When thou crouchest in silence of night!

Lo ! thou that of old would'st exalt thy throne  
On high o'er the starry skies,  
As a prostrate foe art condemn'd to go,  
And thou never more shalt rise,  
Craving a shroud where thou soughtest a shrine  
Which thou mightest not find on high,  
Thou hast labour'd sore from the days of yore  
To spread thy poisonous lie,  
Tempting with bribes as thou temptedst Eve,  
O serpent, most accurs'd !  
Stinging to death where thy wiles deceive  
Hearts that the viper nurs'd !

With chains of darkness lost spirits are bound,  
And such have bound thee long,  
Though thy lengthening trail by the slime is found,  
And by all deceitful wrong.  
In the Church's heart, though she bade depart,  
Thou hast dar'd to seek a home ;  
In the very temple of GOD Himself  
Thou hast not forborne to come.  
Did'st thou think to robe thee in flesh of man,  
In mockery of the LORD,  
To win thee an arm to work thy will,  
And a voice to speak thy word ?

And daredst thou hope that thy captive *thus*  
Of the tree of life might eat ?  
Lo ! the cherubim kept the way for us,  
And dust only was thy meat !  
The shrine thou hast won is a mouldering shrine,  
And a dungeon yet may prove,—  
For his own pitfall shall the foe enthrall,  
While the freed ones soar above.

Yea, the fleshly form thou hast sought may be  
 In narrowest space confin'd,  
 And for robe of glory a torturing shroud  
 Shall the first deceiver bind.

In the lake of fire, whence thou canst not pass,  
 Shall the judgment be fulfill'd,  
 And the harpers stand on a sea of glass,  
 The roar of whose waves is still'd.  
 GOD's fair creation shall then rejoice,  
 Firm built o'er the stable flood,  
 And redeemèd ones, with exulting voice,  
 Shall proclaim it "*very good*."  
 The triumph of mercy shall then be seen,  
 And the BRIDEGROOM's rest be found,  
 While the emerald bow, with its softest sheen,  
 Shall the throne of our GOD surround.

Thus my grief grew calm, and I felt the balm  
 Assuaging the burning pain,  
 And the tears that fell, might of sorrow tell,  
 But they did not fall in vain,  
 While hope whisper'd on, "If the night seem long,  
 Look out for the streaks of dawn,  
 And in stillness list for the burst of song,  
 And the waking joy of morn!  
 Thou know'st not how swiftly at break of day,  
 The shadows that shroud thee now,  
 Shall flee far away from the glory ray,  
 That shall touch the uplifted brow.

---

Sweet the strain on mine ear that fell,  
 "Awake and sing, ye, in dust that dwell!  
 Fragrant the scent of the dewy dawn—  
 Awake and sing, for the joy of morn!"

## 42.

## The Trial of Faith.

'Twas a little band whom the LORD of old  
To His servant Gideon gave—  
By the feeble hand of three hundred men,  
His people He sent to save,  
Who bow'd not the knee by the water's side,  
Their parchèd lips to lave.

Their loins were girt, and they stood in their might  
As baptizèd men should stand,  
And they drank of the water in knightly guise  
From the hollow of their hand,  
Approving themselves in their captain's sight  
A valiant and faithful band.

Oh, the hero-heart of obedient faith  
Was but in three hundred found !  
They rush'd not to battle as warriors rush  
With a wild tumultuous sound,  
But with trumpet, and pitcher, and lamp, they stood  
The enemy's camp around.

The pitcher was broken, the trumpet blown,  
And they held their lamps on high,  
And the light flash'd fear on the startled foe,  
Wherever he turned to fly,  
For "THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON"  
rung  
In his ears, like a conqueror's cry

And whence was the might in that fearful night  
Of that small devoted band ?  
It was that THE SWORD OF THE LORD OF HOSTS  
Was THE SWORD IN GIDEON'S HAND,  
And their only part was with steadfast heart  
In the place assign'd to stand.

And where are the few ? yea, where are the few  
To stand in their place to-day,  
Nor turn as the hosts of the fearful do  
From the glorious work away,  
While the hostile bands like the countless sands  
Lie camp'd in battle array ?

And yet who would fear with the few to stand,  
And the onset who would shun,  
Who knows that the sword in his Leader's hand  
With the sword of the LORD is one,  
Even His, Who once in our mortal flesh  
The pledge of our victory won ?

'Twas a little band, a despisèd band  
In the upper room of old,  
When the cloven tongues as of fire, came down,  
Most glorious to behold,  
And to every one in his mother tongue  
GOD'S wondrous works were told !

'Twas a solemn time and a joy sublime  
When the HOLY GHOST was shed,  
And far and wide in the enemy's camp  
The terror and tumult spread,  
For the word of the LORD was a piercing sword,  
And the hosts of darkness fled.

Hath the marvel ceas'd? Hath the marvel ceas'd?  
Have we lost the Heavenly power?  
Or hath not the Church through many a day  
Forgotten her bridal dower,  
Till the page that tells of *apostles' acts*,  
Tells but of our shame this hour?

Yet be of good cheer, nor in craven fear  
Turn back from your post by night,  
But see that the lamp in each pitcher burn clear,  
Though hidden a quenchless light,  
And know that not ye, but the LORD of Hosts  
Shall against the oppressor fight.

Oh, not by many, nor yet by few  
Doth JEHOVAH save His own,  
But the sure defence of Omnipotence  
Is around the trustful thrown,  
That glory and might, dominion and right  
May be given to Him alone!

They drew not the sword who stood at His word  
The enemy's camp around,  
But their trumpets gave no uncertain blast  
When their captain bade them sound,  
And at crash of their pitchers, the lamps within  
Were for terror and glory found.

Are ye brought as they—are ye brought as they  
To the living waters' brink,  
That the chivalrous truth of the hero-heart  
May be prov'd as least ye think,  
By the manner wherein ye stoop, or stand,  
Of the gladdening stream to drink?

There are who weary, and worn, and faint,  
A fuller refreshment crave,  
And they have their part though they bow them down  
Their parchèd lips to lave,  
Unblam'd as those who on bended knee  
Would drink of the sparkling wave.

Yet in manlier might, the seal'd for the fight,  
A chosen and faithful few,  
Shall drink as they stand from the palm of their hand  
As their Leader taught to do,  
With uplifted head, and unfaltering tread,  
Unsway'd from their purpose true.

Pentecost, 1846.

VERSES ADDED AFTERWARDS.

Yea, hear ye the word that comes from the LORD,  
If your place be with the tried,  
Who have not pass'd to their homes away,  
Nor bow'd by the water side—  
“Be strong, for ye stand in no fleshly might,  
Who stand on JEHOVAH'S side!”

Let the pitcher be broken, the vessel of earth,  
Nor seek ye the flesh to spare,  
Seek but that the light shine undimm'd and bright,  
That erewhile was kindled there,  
For no flickering ray the unshrouding may  
And the trumpet's sounding bear!

1846.





## 43.

## The Household Sorrow.

“What, my son? and what, the son of my womb? and what, the son of my vows?”

METHOUGHT I heard our Mother's voice, as one that  
plaineth sore,  
Bemoaning many a hero-son, her hope and joy of yore:  
She grieveth for the laggard hearts that warmly beat  
of old,  
And tears bedew the earth-dimm'd names in saintly  
list enroll'd.

She sent them with her blessing forth to win their  
calling's prize,  
And bade them in the might of faith all earthly gain  
despise.  
She hid not that the goal was won through peril, toil,  
and blood—  
Nay, but she bade them count the cost in calm and  
thoughtful mood.

She told them, (ah, she told them true!) of things  
from sight conceal'd,  
And bade them weigh in wisdom's scale the glories  
unreveal'd:  
For weariness and painfulness, she told of rest in  
store,  
And for the Cross in meekness borne, she set the joy  
before.

The joy that once their LORD upheld His travail's  
fruit to see,  
The many sons to glory brought, gems of His crown  
to be!  
She bade them to the lost ones tell a Saviour's pitying  
love,  
Nor deem'd that in self-pleasing ways, her messengers  
would rove.

She saw them as a mother sees the children of her vow,  
The pledge of parents' holiest hopes engraven on their  
brow,  
And joy'd she not in all their joy, before their Saviour's  
feet,  
To lay their all and count no less to Him were offer-  
ing meet?

But where is now the zeal that once could joy in  
sacrifice,  
And loathe, as hero-hearts should loathe, all tamper-  
ing with the price?  
And how might earthly things beguile the eagle-  
glance that soar'd  
Through opening heavens where round the throne the  
glory-light was pour'd?

And where the guileless faith that read the word of  
JESUS plain,  
How who would save their life shall lose, while they  
who lose it, gain?  
But had the knightly zeal been thus by self-denial  
nurs'd,  
They had not fallen from the love their actions wit-  
ness'd erst.

O ye, for whom our Mother weeps, and JESUS deigns  
 to wait,  
 Will ye not think upon your vows, ere tears shall flow  
 too late ?  
 A shadow at the household board ! a voice of wail for  
 you,  
 Lest prophet words should glance aside from children  
 prov'd untrue !

Yet o'er you while ye roam afar, the Father's heart  
 doth yearn ;  
 He spares His festal cheer against the prodigal's  
 return.  
 The love that penitence endears should cancel every  
 wrong ;  
 So should ye dry your Mother's tears, and wake the  
 voice of song !



## 44.

## Christ in His Church.

“ I saw seven golden candlesticks ; and in the midst of the seven  
 candlesticks One like unto the Son of Man.”

SEEM all things growing old,  
 Faith and hope failing,  
 Even love waxing cold,  
     Evil prevailing ?  
 Still through the weary night  
 Where shines the seven-branch'd light,  
 Walketh One cloth'd in white,

Dimly descried;  
His was the breath that fann'd;  
His the upholding hand;  
His care supplied  
Lamps that with oil drops fed,  
Crown-like their lustre shed,  
Radiant as soft!  
But for this, be ye sure,  
Ne'er might the light endure,  
Flickering so oft.

Lo! when we deem'd it gone,  
Watching in fear anon,  
Brightly the glory shone  
Even as when  
Stars that through misty veil  
Erewhile were waxing pale,  
Gleam out again;  
Token that One was nigh,  
Watching with sleepless eye,  
Passing in mercy by,  
Kindling anew  
Faith, hope, and charity,  
In whose pure clarity  
Steadfast and true,  
Heavenly unfoldings we  
Through the rent veil may see  
As in a glass,  
Where the gate open stands  
And the bright angel bands  
Pass and repass;  
Yea, upon mortal brow  
Resteth the glory now

Shed from His throne,  
And we in fleshly veil  
Angels with reverence hail,  
Sent to His own.

CHRIST hath not left us lone :  
Nay, when He seemeth gone,  
In our midst, though unknown,  
He dwelleth still,  
Ready His grace to pour  
As in the days of yore,  
With His Church evermore  
Working His will.  
Still by the Priestly grace  
Faith doth the Presence trace,  
Never withdrawn.  
One like the SON of Man  
Doth what He only can,  
Of Mary born,  
As with a brother's voice,  
Bidding our hearts rejoice,  
Chiding our fear ;  
Breathing unearthly might,  
Yet to our feeble sight,  
Tempering His glory's light,  
So drawing near.  
Mortal the form we saw,  
Yet did we own the awe,  
Shadowing our earnest gaze,  
As from the glory blaze—  
Mortal lips spake to us,  
Mortal hands brake to us

Bread from above.  
CHRIST's was each priestly act,  
Making the word a fact,  
Sealing His love.

'Taunt ye His Church as left  
Orphan'd, of hope bereft?  
Scorners beware!  
Soon may the lightning flash,  
Soon may the thunder crash  
Tell *Who is there*.

“The LORD of hosts is with us, the GOD of Jacob is our Refuge.”



## 45.

“Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations.”

'TWAS the tempted One Who spake,  
Tried and tempted for our sake,  
When betrayal's keenest smart  
Wrung His more than brother's heart;  
Then with agony in view  
Looking on the faithful few,  
JESUS spake the words whose power  
Through temptation's dreariest hour  
Nerves each saintly soul to bear,  
Worn, yet watching unto prayer,  
Asking not to fall on sleep,  
But for strength the watch to keep.

Strength in oneness thou shalt prove  
One in faith, and hope, and love,  
One with many a sleeping saint,  
One with watchers, lone, and faint,  
Lone to sight, yet closely bound  
To their brethren all around,  
For in separateness be sure  
None the conflict may endure.  
One alone, the LORD of life,  
*Single* might essay the strife—  
None but He Who is the Light,  
Through the dread and starless night,  
Might endure the depths to know  
Of unutterable woe,  
When His blood bedew'd the ground,  
*Ere the Life a channel found,*  
While beneath the olive shade,  
Thrice His anguish'd prayer He made,  
Prostrate falling on His face,  
Awestruck at our foul disgrace.

Godhead might was laid aside ;  
Faith alone His strength supplied.  
In his weakness perfect made,  
(Lowly born of mortal maid !)  
While His human heart was fain,  
Help from brotherhood to gain,  
Seeking thrice the chosen three,  
Partners in His watch to be,  
“Sit ye there,” to others said,  
They alone were onwards led,  
Yet not even they might brook  
On His agony to look,  
*Might* not, for the flesh was weak,  
Power divine was yet to seek—

Not ere from His wounded side  
Freely gush'd the crimson tide,  
Could they, willing though they were,  
With their LORD the conflict dare.

Yet methinks through veil of sleep  
Somewhat might be won to keep,  
Memories of that wondrous prayer,  
Love triumphant o'er despair !  
Dimly in prophetic gleam  
Of the mystery may we deem,  
When the life-drops to the ground  
One by one with heavy sound,  
Falling like a wasted thing,  
(Doom for slighted grace to bring !)  
Seem'd but tolling as they fell  
Some lost spirit's awful knell,  
Scornful of love's travail pain,  
Waited for, besought in vain !

Is the night of sorrow past ?  
Morning gladness come at last,  
Brightness of an Easter day,  
Chasing shadows far away ?  
And are we to keep no more  
Fast and vigil as of yore ?

Nay, my Brother, love imparts  
Truer love to chasten'd hearts.  
CHRIST is risen, yet all around  
Sealèd sepulchres are found,  
And the members onward led  
In the footprints of our Head,  
Agoniz'd and tempted still,  
Sufferings as of CHRIST fulfil !

Brother, hath He said to thee  
" Watch and pray one hour with Me,"



While the many slumber on,  
Heedless how their rest is won !  
Wilt thou act or answer "Nay ?"  
Wilt thou also go away ?  
Wilt thou add a pang to those  
JESUS in His lonesome knows ?  
Wilt thou not in might of love  
Joy thine hardihood to prove,  
Reckless or of ease or rest,  
In endurance doubly blest,  
While those *words* of holiest cheer  
Sufferings by His side endear ?

Think what time thy soul is sad,  
How they yet shall make thee glad,  
When in glory He shall say  
To the faithful, "Ye are they  
Who in sore temptations tried,  
Turn'd not from your Captain's side !"

May I tell thee memories stor'd  
In my heart of gladdenings pour'd  
Round me as my watch I kept,  
Weeping sore while others slept ?

Yea, with "gems of living light"  
Many a martyr's crown was bright,  
Yet (to utter all my thought)  
Richer grace the glory wrought  
Round their brows ordain'd to stand  
With the Lamb, a virgin band,  
Shrinking not their foot to place  
Wheresoever His they trace ;  
Death in life, and life in death,  
Manifest in every breath !  
Once to die seem'd less than this,  
Less of suffering, less of bliss,

Than with JESUS still to bear,  
 And in life His passion share.  
 Like the drear Gethsemane  
 Calvary's darkness scarce might be,  
 And each drop by anguish wrung  
 Ere upon the cross He hung,  
 Shone, methought, a costlier gem  
 In the SAVIOUR's diadem !  
 So when others fall on sleep,  
 Still the weary watch to keep,  
 Though love's labour seemeth lost,  
 And desertion thins the host—  
 While the darkness darker grows  
 Till we know not friends from foes,  
 And the few in perils tried  
 Sink o'erwearied by our side,  
 Holding fast the hope He gave  
 Yet to win them from the grave,  
 To endurance doubly vow'd,  
 In repentance lowlier bow'd ;  
*This*, though late, the fruit shall be  
 Which CHRIST waiteth long to see,  
 Fruit for contrite mourners meet,  
 Lowly laid before His feet.  
*This* shall win (oh ! be thou sure)  
 Gladness that shall aye endure,  
 Not in selfishness apart,  
 Bliss of every saintly heart,  
 Like a circle widening round  
 Through creation's utmost bound,  
 Widening round, and deepening still,  
 All eternity to fill !

Brother, with such joy in view,  
 Be thou of the saintly few.

Shrink not in thy place to stand  
One of David's hero band,  
His afflictions fain to share,  
Steadfast, watching unto prayer!



## 46.

## David's Three Mightiest.

“ These things did these three mightiest.”

WARRIOR bold, of purpose true,  
Ask not “ What remains to do ?  
Who in these degenerate days  
May on high the standard raise ?  
Who, like saints of old renown,  
Yet may win the martyr's crown ?”  
Names in heaven may yet be won—  
Deeds approv'd in heaven be done.  
Mid the apostolic band  
Some like pillars yet may stand—  
Some there are who shall attain  
Praise as of the three to gain,  
First of David's company,  
Chiefest of his chivalry ;  
Who to quench their captain's thirst  
Through the arm'd Philistines burst,  
Jeoparding their lives to bring  
Water from the guarded spring,  
Flowing early, flowing late,  
Fresh and clear, by Bethlehem's gate.

Costly draught, and meetly priz'd,  
Nor by GOD Himself despis'd,  
Counted worthy to be pour'd  
For drink offering to the LORD !

Doth not still the spark endure  
Of devotion high and pure,  
Seeking not our life to save,  
Freely giving as *He* gave,  
By Whose badge upon our brow  
We are pledg'd for David's vow,\*  
Tented soldiers to remain,  
Till the Temple Rest we gain?

Yea! and some whose woman's heart  
In the struggle bears a part,  
Like the Mother of our LORD,  
Treasuring up each faithful word,  
Lowly bow'd in prayer apart,  
Conscious of the bitter smart,  
Fain in agony to stay  
Till the dark hour pass away,  
Strong in undespairing love,  
Helpers of your faith may prove.  
✓ Though perchance ye may not hear  
Voice or step to tell them near,  
Felt, not seen, their gentle aiding,  
Household bowers their pathway shading.  
Quiet homes may now conceal them,  
Troublous times may yet reveal them—  
Like the saintly Marys three  
Nigh the Cross their place shall be  
Who in glory round the Throne,  
Virgin followers, CHRIST shall own !

\* Psalm cxxxii., 1st and 5th verses.

47.

“WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

Isaiah xxi., 10th and 12th verses.

THE burden of Dumah\*—

A voice out of Seir,†  
Response from silent depths  
Waiting to hear  
Amid the tempest's hush,  
Thrilling and clear!

“What of the night, watchman?

What of the night?”

“Know ye the morn cometh,

Also the night,  
Blackness of outer gloom!  
Radiance of light!”

Yea, for CHRIST'S weary ones

Morn's joy is near.  
But for the revellers  
Utterance of fear,  
Starting from festal board  
Wailing to hear!

\* Dumah, Heb. *silence*.

† Seir, Heb. *tempest*.

Wailing of those who stand  
Outside the door,  
Speeding to buy the oil,  
Slothful no more !  
Yet knocking vainly now,  
That entering o'er !

Had these forestall'd the feast,  
Drunken by night ?  
Nay they were virgin ones,  
Children of light,  
And the lamps given them,  
Erewhile burn'd bright !

Lacking oil, those they ask'd  
Had not to spare—  
Hear how the wise in heart  
Answer their prayer,  
“Go ye to them that sell,  
Buy ye it there.

“Oil that for *one* may serve,  
Serves not for *two*,  
Nor is it ours to give  
Oil unto you ;  
Buying, we may not sell,  
There are that do.”

Buy, for ye yet may buy,  
Grudge ye no cost !  
Press through *Gethsemane*, \*  
Ere *all* be lost !  
So may ye overtake  
A martyr host !

\* Gethsemane, Heb. *valley* of oil.

Yet when the door is shut,  
 Mournful the wail,  
 While at the festal board  
 Faces turn pale!  
 Seek ye the oil betimes,  
 Ere your lights fail!

Hath not the midnight cry  
 Rung in your ear,  
 Telling the Bridegroom comes?  
 Solemn the cheer!  
 Now let the virgins rise,  
 For He is near!

Yea, hath the drowsiness  
 Over you crept?  
 Have ye *all* slumber'd long?  
 Have ye *all* slept,  
 Wise ones, as foolish ones,  
 Vigil who kept?

Rouse ye! The time is short—  
 Spare ye no toil!  
 Trim your lamps! Take with you  
 Vessels of oil!  
 Robes for the Bridal meet,  
 Keep ye from soil!

Are ye prepar'd for Him?  
 Burn your lamps bright,  
 Lest He should pass you by  
 In the dark night?  
 Go forth to meet Him now,  
 Children of light!

“What of the night, watchman?  
What of the night?”

“Yea, for CHRIST’s faithful ones,  
Light in His light;  
But for the foolish ones  
Blackness of night.

“In the Bride chamber, lo!  
Glory begun,  
Ere as a Bridegroom thence  
Shines forth the sun,  
Girt with strength joyfully  
Swift race to run!

“Dread is the outer gloom!  
No ray of light!  
Gone are the moon and stars,  
Lamps of the night!  
Wild beasts are all abroad—  
Hour of affright!

“Woe to the foolish ones,  
Warning who spurn!  
Yet if ye will inquire,  
Ask now! Return!  
Come ye, ere all too late,  
Wisdom to learn!”





## 48.

## Knighthood.

OH! deem thou not knighthood an idle dream  
Of a dark and childish day,  
For knowest thou not that deep meaning oft  
Lies hidden in childhood's play?  
But rather, I ween, 'twas a Heaven-taught faith,  
And no vain and empty rite,  
That bade the candidate seek erewhile  
The absolving word of might,

And bade him wash'd and in Chrisom array  
Keep watch in GOD's house by night,  
That the sword which then on the Altar lay  
Might ever maintain the right;  
For was not the weapon a holy thing  
From the priest of GOD receiv'd?  
And in grasping its hilt he grasp'd the Cross  
Which his ransom erst achiev'd!

And thus would the Church train her children now  
In a saintlier chivalry's lore,  
And a gladdening thought to my soul was brought  
As I mus'd on the days of yore—  
How even as from the Baptismal font,  
With a conscience cleans'd from sin,  
She sent forth the knight in his armour of light  
The guerdon of glory to win.

Hast thou watch'd thine armour, thou Red Cross  
Knight,  
By night in the house of prayer?  
Hast thou sought before GOD'S Altar to pour  
Thy soul in the Presence there?  
Hast thou watch'd alone when no eye nor ear,  
Save His Who in secret sees,  
Might witness the tear, or the vow might hear  
That was pour'd on bended knees?

Did'st thou feel the breathing of Ghostly might  
In calm of that awful shade,  
When each dream of youth was with soul of truth  
As a free-will offering made?  
Hast thou prob'd thy heart that no thought might be  
In its inmost fold conceal'd,  
To cast but the shadow of doubt o'er thee  
In the mêlée on the field?

Hast thou gather'd might in the solemn night  
For many a vigil and fast,  
That steadfast and pure, thou mayest endure  
Till the perilous hour be past?  
Yea, the fiery dart shall not reach thy heart  
Through panoply prov'd divine,  
And a charmèd life in the mortal strife,  
True soldier of CHRIST, is thine!

Yet search thou and see, or alas for thee  
When match'd with thy deadly foe!  
For the Christian knight in the fearful fight  
Must no dark misgiving know.

Is there rust on thy sword, thou Red Cross Knight?

Is there stain on thy Chrisom vest?

Doth a heart sincere in GOD's holy fear

Beat high in thy mailèd breast?

“There is rust on our sword, and its edge is turn'd!

There are stains on our Chrisom vest!

And we shrink in fear from the conflict near,

By remorseful thoughts oppress'd!

Alas! for the guilt of a broken vow

Lies heavy upon our heart!

The absolving word of our pitying LORD

Can alone relief impart!”

Is it come to this? and yet help is nigh

From Him Who your need foreknew,

And a white-rob'd band at His Altar stand

To uplift and strengthen you!

Then bow ye the head and in lowliest dread

The absolving grace receive,

While your hearts are stirr'd by the gracious word,

“Fear not, but only believe!”

Oh, ye need but faith in the word He saith,

His girding with might to know,

Who sendeth not forth a disabled host

To battle against the foe!

Did the Church of old o'er the champions yearn

Whose Baptismal robes were stain'd?

And with tears bedew'd, was the vow renew'd,

And the knightly grace obtain'd?

Yea, was not this but a shadowing forth

Of the mercy yet in store,

Restoring to-day, what He took not away,

Who waiteth His gifts to pour?

So the penitents' love shall His favour prove,  
And the sevenfold pardon free,  
While abounding grace shall the stains efface,  
And for latest anointing be !

From the Altar of GOD yet once again  
Shall the Ghostly might be given,  
And the seal be set on Baptizèd men,  
The champions approv'd of heaven !  
Creation shall ring with the deeds that yet  
Shall their deep repentance own,  
Ere they win the crown, but to cast it down  
In glory before the Throne !



## 49.

## The Banner of Blue.

G. C. B.

"Speedily shall the banner of blue be unfurled on our mountains, and the controversy be decided by the sword."—From a Free Kirk Speech. (Catholic rendering.)

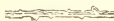
BLEST vision of glory ! How long shall it be  
Ere the groaning creation thy beauty shall see,  
Ere the Banner of Blue on our mountains descried  
Shall scatter the hosts of the children of pride,  
And Zion's contentions the sword shall decide ?

Send forth the glad message! oh, bid them not tarry,  
Whose feet on the mountains the glad tidings carry.  
Too long has the banner of strife been displayed,  
We have thought that His coming our LORD had  
    delay'd,  
And the Standard of Love faithless hands have  
    betray'd.

Send forth the glad message! yea, hasten the day!  
The LORD, He is coming—prepare ye the way!  
Let division and strife to the grave be consign'd,  
And the Banner of Blue spread its folds to the wind,  
    Oh, the Banner of Blue! 'Tis the heavenly mind!

Display ye the banner! Let true hands unfold it,  
Let all the true-hearted arise and behold it;  
Mark ye well the device—'tis the innocent Dove!  
Understand ye the Covenant Banner of Love?  
    Will ye have it? The wisdom that comes from  
    above!

Unfold ye the banner! yea, open it wide,  
And Zion's contentions the sword shall decide,  
Yea, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of the LORD,  
For to Love shall His wisdom and rule be restor'd!  
    Then unfurl ye the banner; unsheath the bright  
    sword!



## 50.

## The Banner.

“Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.”

I SAW as in vision, the Banner unfurl'd  
Against the usurper, the prince of this world,  
And methought, I beheld ere the fight was begun  
From standard to standard the waverers run,  
For the standards are many—Truth's Banner is one.

The faithful who round it had taken their stand  
Might seem but a handful 'gainst hosts as the sand  
Yet dreadless the champions who vow'd for the fight  
Had donn'd the white garments and armour of light  
In the peaceful assurance of heavenly might.

Men look'd on their faces in wonder and dread,  
For a radiance unearthly around them was shed,  
And the Banner above them was fair to behold,  
With the Lamb, and the Cross, and the Dove on its  
fold,  
Whose wings were of silver, her feathers of gold.

They were numbered by fifties, but little men knew,  
That armies uncounted were rank'd with the few.  
Clouds veil'd them from sight, but their goings I heard,  
Like a breeze o'er the forests, ere tempests are stirr'd,  
And the lightnings and thunderings leap forth at  
His word.

'Twas the breathing ere storm burst, the pause ere  
the fight,  
While in prayerful aspirings they gather'd their might,  
And they counted the cost as the prudent should do,  
But they counted it gain, for their venture was true,  
And they long'd but the work that was given to do.

Weak women I saw, and young children find grace  
To take in that band of the saintly their place,  
With the chosen and faithful their names were en-  
roll'd,  
And I knew though their life-blood should crimson  
its fold,  
That the Banner He giveth was firm in their hold.

They were pledg'd for endurance—the Cross was the  
sign  
That trac'd on each forehead, so brightly did shine,  
And meek faces wax'd pale in the depth of their  
thought,  
And the joy that upheld them with trembling was  
fraught,  
As the spirit within them to steadfastness wrought.

They ate of the Bread, and they drank of the Wine,  
The food as of angels, for strengthening divine,  
And in meekness majestic, they stood as the rock,  
That moves not to meet it, yet fears not the shock,  
When the billows of ocean insultingly mock.

Oh, the *thrill of their silence* above and below,  
Sent gladness through heaven and fear through the  
foe,

For the Lamb was their Leader—the Lamb was their  
LORD,

And in lamb-like obedience they waited His word,  
Till a voice “to confirm for the conflict” was heard.

Methought I was with them, a gazer no more,  
But a trembling expectant—the foe was before,  
And the rush of his hosts, as the roar of the sea,  
Might be heard from afar, yet we turn’d not to flee,  
But abode in our trust the salvation to see.

We knelt in awed stillness, awaiting the Hand,  
That should strengthen the weakest in battle to stand,  
And a shadow fell o’er us as of the Most High,  
And we fear’d not what time the o’erflowing pass’d  
by—

It pass’d, and the Banner was streaming on high!

It stream’d o’er the victors—the proud waves were  
stay’d—

“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,” was said,  
At the breath of JEHOVAH the depths were congeal’d.  
The sea as of crystal, His judgments reveal’d,

And there rose o’er its silence the Song of the Seal’d.

Bishopsgate, Oct. 11, 1846.





A

## LAY OF HOLY LAND.

### PART THE FIRST.

Suggested by a Poem called "Dreamland."

I HAVE not been in Palestine,  
No palmer's news I bring,  
Yet I too list a simple lay  
Of Holy Land to sing,  
Of Holy Land my feet have trod—  
Mine is no Dreamland lay;  
I tell but what my waking eyes  
Have seen in open day.

I know a church, (yes, more than one,  
Though but of one I tell,)   
That doth not rear its "steeple cross  
Above the woodland dell,"  
But in the city's crowded ways  
That quiet house of prayer  
At morn and eve, at tierce and nones,  
Invites to worship there.

Its outward show is poor and mean,  
Unlike each glorious shrine  
That piety of old could rear  
For purpose so divine;  
And yet within 'tis decent all  
A fair and reverend sight—  
On high the holy Altar stands  
With cloth of snowy white.

The passer by, when sick at heart  
Of weekday toil and din,  
Hath enter'd at its open door  
And prov'd the peace within.  
I cross'd its threshold at the dawn,  
And mark'd the poor ones there,  
Winning a benison betimes  
For daily toil and care.

I tell not all that faith discern'd,  
Lest faith like fancy seem,  
And some perchance my soothful say  
A " Dreamland " tale should deem,  
But as I look'd around I own'd  
How goodly all appear'd,  
And " in His House, the LORD," I said,  
" Is greatly to be fear'd."

There as the priests in white array  
Took in the choir their place,  
With one consent the flock arose  
To do GOD's servants grace.  
His people and His pasture sheep  
Took up the joyful word,  
" Come, let us worship, and bow down,  
And kneel before the LORD !"

And each one to the Altar turn'd  
And made the holy sign,  
While rev'rently the priest invok'd  
The threefold Name divine.  
And all the people bow'd them low,  
And by their deacons led,  
In confidence of holiest fear  
The deep Amen was said.

Few were the words that call'd to mind  
Our GOD's forgiving grace  
And bade us turn with contrite hearts  
To seek our FATHER's face.  
Then kneeling low the pastor's lips  
The full confession pour'd,  
Ere strengthen'd by the absolving word  
In gladness we ador'd.

'Twas spoken and the holy "Peace"  
Fell soft as Hermon's dew  
Upon the parchèd herb to wake  
Its fragrancý anew.  
Then dedicated unto GOD,  
How sweetly from the choir  
Rung the responsive chant that told  
The worshippers' desire !

"LORD, open Thou our lips !" "So we  
Thy praises will record."  
"O GOD, make speed Thy flock to save!"  
"Make haste to help us, LORD."  
Rising, the "Gloria " we sung  
And bow'd was every head.  
Anon to GOD an offering meet,  
His holy word was read.

And response from the people came—  
In ancient creed they told  
"Such is the faith apostles teach,  
And such the faith we hold."  
Then woke the Royal Psalmist's lyre—  
*Prophetic* words alone  
Might tell the Church's trustful joy,  
And make its fulness known.

The chant was o'er—on bended knee  
The supplication rose  
For David's prayer till glory fill  
This earth, no ending knows!  
At first it seem'd a Suppliant's cry,  
Anon, an Elder's prayer,  
'Then bolder grown, an Angel stood  
With golden censer there!

In forms of truth, the prayers of saints  
Like blended odours sweet,  
Ascended in the incense cloud  
Before the mercy seat,  
Nor might there lack thanksgiving words  
That of acceptance told,  
And summing all, the Abba prayer  
Which JESUS taught of old.

Oh, 'twas a joy I may not speak,  
The o'erflowing heart to pour,  
In the same words our fathers used,  
And all the saints of yore!  
Then, day to day declaring speech,  
The sevenfold branching light  
Was duly with sweet oil-drops fed,  
To brightly burn at night.

The matin song and "Gloria" next,  
The benison at last,  
And Christian men renew'd in strength  
On to their labours pass'd.  
And I too own'd my heart made glad,  
And on my homeward way  
I question'd if that "Dreamland Church"  
Could aught so fair display.

And what though duteous zeal had fain  
A goodlier building rear'd,  
And many a one with closèd doors  
More beautiful appear'd ;  
I might not murmur—Holy writ  
Supplied an answer meet,  
“The Body more than raiment is !  
The Life is more than meat !”



## PART THE SECOND.

I listen'd to a “Dreamland” lay,  
Whose music pleas'd me well,  
Till I was fain with ruder skill,  
A truthful tale to tell ;  
For “Dreamland Church,” though “decent all,  
And neat the churchyard round,”  
Had somewhat of sepulchral gloom,  
That suits not holy ground.

The place of graves round “Dreamland Church,”  
Must tell of grief and shame—  
“God's Acre” by our fathers call'd—  
It was a saintlier name !  
But “Dreamland” flowers might never hide  
The sadness of such sight,  
And “Dreamland” fancies but recal  
The shadows of the night.

The *dead*! it is no Christian word—  
They are not dead, but sleep;  
And duly at the Altar we  
Their names in memory keep—  
Nay, more than this, for rest they not  
Beneath that Altar's shade?  
And are we not partakers still  
In one Communion made?

Yet will I own that "Dreamland" song  
Fell sweetly on mine ear,  
And mingled with its funeral tones  
Was many a sound of cheer,  
And "Dreamland" sights recall'd to me  
Full many a waking scene,  
And so I wove a rhyme to tell  
What I myself had seen.

But more, far more, I left unsung,  
Lest I should seem too long,  
Nor tell I now of Tierce, or Nones,  
Or of the Evensong,  
Yet music tones that charm'd mine ear,  
If I unblam'd may steal,  
Somewhat of waking scenes as fair  
They fitly might reveal.

I too beheld a "Babe baptiz'd,  
With all the Church to see,"  
Nor was it strange that blessed sight!  
But beautiful to me;  
Nor lack'd there faith's assur'd Amen,  
"When on that infant brow,  
The pearly Cross was character'd  
To seal the Christian's vow."

I saw the little ones of CHRIST,  
Instructed duly there,  
By parents and by Deacons brought  
For benison and prayer—  
I saw when holy hands were laid  
Upon each youthful head,  
That strengthen'd of the LORD, they might  
Be from His Altar fed.

But of the Holy Eucharist  
I know not how to tell—  
In silence on a theme so high  
I rather choose to dwell—  
Yet this I say, it is not there  
A monthly, weekly, dole,  
For ill such distant times may suit  
The hungering, thirsting soul.

The busy world on gain intent,  
Amid her workday din,  
Hears not, or all unheeding hears  
The Sanctus chant within.  
But there are those, a faithful few !  
Who to the Altar throng,  
And count it joy their voice to blend  
In Eucharistic song.

Ah ! little knoweth Christendom,  
How o'er the offering there,  
Daily for her before the throne  
Ascends the accepted prayer !  
But woe to earth ! a threefold woe,  
If that memorial cease !  
How would she miss the heaven-sent Dove,  
The olive branch of peace !

And who can say how near at hand  
May be that time of dread,  
When fearful words shall come to pass  
By holy prophets said?  
When for the threefold witness scorn'd,  
The threefold Name blasphem'd,  
The Daily Sacrifice shall cease,  
So lightly now esteem'd!

And then the woes no tongue can tell!  
The anguish and dismay—  
The starless night, the locust plague,  
The slayers loos'd to slay!  
And voices sounding mournfully  
“Would that our eyes might see  
Days of the Son of Man once more—  
But no, it may not be!”

And but that for His remnant's sake  
Those days are shorten'd, *then*  
Should none escape—so sore shall be  
The judgments upon men.  
From thoughts like these how blest to turn  
And hide beneath His wings  
Who round us in the House of Prayer,  
His sure protection flings!

Hallowing our gladness as our grief,  
We know the LORD is there,  
And in the church of which I tell,  
“Doth bless a bridal pair;”  
While *as* in virgin purity  
So too in wedded love  
Meet emblems of His Church we see,  
And of her LORD above.



I do not dwell on funeral rite,  
Though sleeping saints are blest  
And present with the LORD rejoice,  
While flesh in hope doth rest.  
The faithful from that Altar fed  
Have hope no more to die,  
And ever till our LORD return  
Look upwards to the sky.

*All* shall not sleep—from age to age  
The watchword hath pass'd on—  
A little while, and waking hosts,  
Shall sing of victory won.  
O that shall be no “Dreamland” lay!  
Eternity shall tell  
How mortal man in deadliest fray  
Hath conquer'd death and hell.

And then, oh! *then* our eyes shall see  
That Salem so desir'd,  
Fairer than “Dreamland” fancies feign  
In bridal robes attir'd.  
GOD's handywork! no mortal skill  
Might rear the wondrous shrine,  
Meet for the Holy One's abode,  
Eternal and divine!

“That great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from GOD, having the glory of GOD.”



## Holy Communion.

As week by week we at Thine altar kneel,  
And Thy refreshings feel,  
How doth the enlargèd heart rejoice to know  
The Life-blood in its flow  
Must needs through every living member thrill,  
And all with blessing fill,  
Till we together in Thy love rejoice  
Hymning Thy praise as with one mind and voice!

Heart-gladdening, strengthening, soul-sustaining  
Wine,  
Juice of the Living Vine,  
The Cup of joy wherein is no excess,  
No drop of bitterness,  
Going down sweetly till their lips who sleep,  
And the still Sabbath keep,  
Take up our hymn, and heavenly accents prove,  
They were not absent from the Feast of Love!

O Thou true Nazarite! Who dost forbear  
The gladdening Cup to share,  
Until Thy Church adornèd as a bride  
Shall triumph at Thy side,  
And in the kingdom of our GOD with Thee  
The feast fulfill'd shall be:  
We pray Thee every faithful heart inspire  
With like intensity of strong desire.

For not as once in person, LORD, art Thou  
 Found of Thy followers now;  
 Present in mystery but to faith reveal'd,  
 From fleshly eyes conceal'd.  
 The heavens awhile must hide Thee from our sight,  
 And through the weary night  
 Dimly as through a glass Thy Form we trace,  
 While training up to see Thee face to face.

Yea, without holiness we could not brook  
 Upon Thy face to look !  
 None but the pure in heart as Thou art pure  
 Thy presence may endure,  
 And these vile bodies must be chang'd, or e'er  
 Thy glory we could bear,  
 Which he who on Thy bosom lean'd of old,  
 Could not without such deathlike awe behold.

Yet at our solemn feast we know Thee near,  
 Thy fainting spouse to cheer,  
 And more than tongue can tell or heart conceive  
 We from Thy hands receive,  
 For Thou dost minister immortal food  
 Thy Body and Thy Blood,  
 Till we in Thee and Thou in us dost dwell,  
 Thy Life in mortal flesh made visible.

Shut ye the doors while faithful ones draw near  
 Rejoicing, but in fear !  
 Wash'd be our hands in innocency now—  
 Renew'd each holy vow !  
 The o'ershadowing presence of the Almighty bar  
 All evil thoughts afar ;  
 While cleansèd lips, touch'd by the altar fire,  
 Tell out in burning words the Bride's desire.

“Awake, O north wind! come, thou south, and blow  
Upon my garden; so  
Its spices shall flow out, and my Belov’d  
By odorous gales be mov’d  
To come where goodly trees in order stand,  
The planting of His hand!  
Let my Belovèd come, and let Him eat  
The pleasant fruits which He hath given for meat.”

But Thou wert in Thy garden’s midst, O LORD,  
Or e’er the prayer was pour’d.  
Thy spice was gather’d *bitter with the sweet*,  
And Thou hadst deign’d to eat.  
We gave Thee of Thine own, but Thou dost give  
The food by which we live;  
And lo! for us the banquet was prepar’d,  
Once from Thy hand among apostles shar’d.

Thou dost invite us, “Eat, O friends, yea eat  
The heaven-descended meat.”  
Again Thou biddest Thy belovèd drink,  
Abundantly to drink;  
Till as the Cup of blessing we partake  
Our quicken’d senses wake  
In steadfast confidence of holiest fear  
Unutter’d words, unearthly tones to hear!

The riven vail, that seem’d as drawn aside,  
Doth still the glory hide.  
The vision passeth—’tis the chill, dark night  
What time we deem’d it light—  
And we, alas! when most awake we seem,  
Are but as those that dream.  
Else had we risen to open long before  
To Him, Who standeth knocking at the door.

He speaketh—'tis the voice of my Belov'd  
 My waking heart hath mov'd.  
 "Open to Me, My sister and My love,  
 Mine undefil'd, My dove;  
 For lo! the heavens their dewy store have shed  
 On Mine unshelter'd head.  
 My locks are moisten'd with the drops of night  
 While seeking where to rest till morning light."

Hark! lips long clos'd to utterance are stirr'd,  
 And solemn tones are heard,  
 That sound reproachful of our long delay,  
 Who sleep, but not as they.  
 "I have put off my mortal coat, and *how*  
 Shall I resume it now?

And I have wash'd my feet, and may no more  
 Defile them in the way I went before."

But there are those whose race not yet is run—  
 Whose work not yet is done.

Shame on the loiterers, while in prospect lies  
 The unattainèd prize!

Awake, ye soldiers of the Cross, awake,  
 E'en for your brethren's sake,  
 And press ye on the promis'd rest to win,  
 For some who sleep not yet shall enter in.

Lo! where they stand upon the battle plain,  
 Unscath'd amid the slain!  
 While those that dwell in dust awake and sing,  
 "O death, where is thy sting?  
 And where thy victory, O grave? for we  
 Have triumph'd over thee."

Corruption, incorruption hath put on!  
 And mortal saints, immortal change have won!

Then blessèd they ! upon whose robe remains

No trace of earthly stains,

Meet for the inheritance of saints in light,

Unshrinking in His sight,

Who will not suffer at His board a guest

Who lacks the wedding vest,

Wrought gold without, all glorious within,

Enfolding none uncleans'd from every sin !

Once more, the everlasting doors unfold,

E'en as they did of old—

The King of glory enters yet again

With all His saintly train.

The accuser hath no longer place on high—

The hosts of darkness fly,

For now is come salvation, power, and strength—

The kingdom of our GOD is come at length !

The might of His Anointed hath prevail'd !

The promise hath not fail'd !

Though generations to the dust gone down,

Long waited for their crown—

Now unto every saint white robes are given,

And there is joy in heaven,

For in the righteousness of saints array'd,

The Bride is ready for the Bridegroom made !

Yet when such burning thoughts have utterance found,

How doth the grief abound !

Grief for ourselves who seem entranc'd as yet

Our calling to forget !

Thy touch must rouse us, LORD, while we abide

In shelter of Thy side—

Oh ! by the Laying on of Hands impart

The quenchless zeal that fir'd our Captain's heart.

When hasting to Jerusalem of yore,  
Thou passedst on before,  
Shame, suffering, agony, and death in view,  
Yet to Thy purpose true;  
Nor faltering step, nor wayside glance betray'd  
Thee at the sight dismay'd;  
But as the hart to water brooks doth speed,  
So didst Thou haste for guilty man to bleed!

Upon Thy steadfast mien Thy followers gaz'd,  
Silent and sore amaz'd;  
For not as yet the heavenly might was won  
Fearless to follow on;  
But now Thyself the path of life hast shown—  
Love's mystery is made known!  
Enough of words—Thou biddest us "Arise,"  
And track Thy glorious pathway to the skies.

Oh! let us not refuse to share the woe  
Thy slumbering spouse must know,  
When rous'd at length to recognise her LORD,  
She faileth at Thy word,  
Rising to open in repentant haste  
To find Thee onward past,  
Love's bitter sweetness fain to understand,  
While dropping myrrh betrays the wounded Hand.

Long hast *thou* waited! It is *ours* at length  
To follow in Thy strength,  
Seeking unwearied Him, Who hath but gone  
To lure His loiterer on.  
'Tis the rent veil, that myrrh-besprinkled door,  
Through which He pass'd before,  
Nor can they err who in His footprints tread,  
The suffering members of a thorn-crown'd Head!

Then welcome sorrow for Thy love's dear sake!  
Who of Thy Cup partake  
Are pledg'd to suffering with their LORD below,  
In bitterness to know  
The sweetness of Thy mercy, and the joy,  
No sorrow can alloy—  
Foretaste and earnest of the bliss untold  
When sinless saints the sinless One behold!

1844.

“To them that look for Him, He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”





*June, 1848.*

NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOSEPH MASTERS,

33, ALDERSGATE STREET,

AND

78, NEW BOND STREET,

**LONDON.**

*In the Press and nearly ready.*

---

**A REPRINT OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER** of 1661, according to the *Sealed Copy* in the Tower of London. In small 8vo., to be handsomely printed in red and black, with the old Elzevir type, forming a suitable volume for a Clergyman's use either in the desk or closet.

**PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.**

**Visitatio Infirmorum.**

**A COMPANION TO THE OFFICES OF THE VISITATIO INFIRMORUM;** for the use of the Attendants.

**THE MIDNIGHT SEA,** and other Allegories. By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO.

**TALMON AND HADASSAH.** A Tale of the First Captivity and Destruction of Jerusalem, illustrative of God's Judgments on National Sin. Also, a METRICAL VERSION OF THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH. By the Rev. HENRY SPENCER SLIGHT, B.D., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Assistant Curate of Forest Hill, Oxon.; and Chaplain in the Royal Navy.

**A HISTORY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.** By the Rev. G. A. POOLE, M.A.

**THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF CASTLE RISING, NORFOLK.** By WILLIAM TAYLOR, Author of the "Antiquities of Lynn," "Annals of S. Mary, Overy," &c. To be completed in four quarterly parts, price 3s. each, forming an imperial octavo volume illustrated with twelve engravings.

**THE PATH OF LIFE.**

**THE ISLAND OF LIBERTY.** By the Author of "Theodore." The design of this work is to expose the fallacy of "Equality" and "Community."

---

**Parochial Tracts.**—A Classified List sent by Post on application.

# NEW WORKS

## PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH MASTERS.

---

### ADAMS.—THE FALL OF CRÆSUS.

A Story from Herodotus. With Conversations designed to connect the Study of History with a belief in a Superintending Providence. By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M.A., Author of "The Shadow of the Cross." Foolscape 8vo., cloth, with Map. 3s. 6d.

"We venture to say that the attention of no intelligent child will be found to flag in reading this little volume—and those who read cannot fail to be benefited by the simple earnest tone of the writer."—*Ecclesiastic*, February, 1846.

### ADAMS.—CRESSINGHAM; OR, THE MISSIONARY.

By CHARLOTTE PRISCILLA ADAMS. Foolscape 8vo., cloth, 2s.

"It is a very delightful sketch of a very interesting character."—*English Churchman*, Dec. 17.

"Those who have read the twenty-eighth chapter of George Herbert's COUNTRY PARSON, entitled 'The Parson in Contempt,' or Barnabas Oley's 'Apology for the Clergy,' in his preface to it, will feel interested in CRESSINGHAM, as it is calculated to remove the impression against which those writings are directed, but the best refutation of which, after all, is the real exhibition of such characters as this work portrays, without exceeding the actual truth."—*Gentleman's Mag.*

ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN SCOTLAND. By a LAYMAN. A new edition, revised. Price 1s. 12mo., cloth.

ÆLFRIC.—A SERMON ON THE SACRIFICE ON EASTER DAY. Turned into English from the Anglo-Saxon of Ælfric, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. Price 2d.

ALLESTREE.—THE LIFE OF DR. RICHARD ALLESTREE. Price 3d., sewed.

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION VINDICATED FROM PRESBYTERIAN MIS-STATEMENTS. A Letter to the Author of a Pamphlet, entitled, "The True Succession: a Sermon preached before the London Missionary Society, May, 1846, by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Little Russell Street, Covent Garden." By a LAYMAN OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, Author of "The Church and the Meeting-House." Price 1s.

### ANNALS OF VIRGIN SAINTS.

Selected both from Primitive and Mediæval Times. By a PRIEST of the Church of England. In cloth, 7s. 6d. Also, elegantly bound, for Presents, price 22s. 6d.

### ANTI-REVOLUTIONARY TRACTS. By SOSTHENES.

No. I. Thoughts on the late Revolution in France. 1½d., or 10s. 6d. per 100.

II. Communism and Chartism. 1½d., or 10s. 6d. per hundred.

III. The Special Constable and the Chartist. 1d., or 7s. per 100.

IV. Six New Points for the Charter. 1d., or 7s. per 100.

V. On the Origin of Property. 1d., or 7s. per 100.

**ARDEN.**—A MANUAL OF CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTION FOR PUBLIC OR PRIVATE USE. Compiled and arranged by the Rev. G. ARDEN, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford, Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon. 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

**BAINES.**—CANTICLES FROM THE PSALMS POINTED FOR CHANTING, with Four Chants prefixed; for the Use of Schools and Families. By the Rev. EDWARD BAINES, Rector of Bluntisham. 18mo. sewed, price 6d.

**BARON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, AND OTHER TALES.** In Verse and Prose. By the Author of "Verses for Holy Seasons." Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY, Prebendary of Lichfield. Price 4s. 6d.

**BLUNT.**—THE USE AND ABUSE OF CHURCH BELLS. With Practical Suggestions concerning them. By WALTER BLUNT, M.A., a Priest of the English Church. 8vo., price 6d., or 8d. by post.

**BLUNT.**—ECCLESIASTICAL RESTORATION AND REFORM. Considerations and Practical Suggestions on Church Rates,—Parish Officers,—Education of the Poor,—Cemeteries. By WALTER BLUNT, M.A. In demy 8vo., price 1s. 6d. or 2s. by post.

**BLUNT.**—CONFIRMATION, OR THE LAYING ON OF HANDS. Catechetically explained according to the Formularies of the English Church. By WALTER BLUNT, M.A. In 12mo., price 3d., or 21s. per 100.

**BOOK OF MEDIÆVAL ALPHABETS.** Oblong 4to., in paper cover, price 3s.

To Gravestone Cutters, Painters, and Decorators, the above will be found an invaluable *vade mecum*.

**BRECHIN.** (BISHOP OF).—JESUS OUR WORSHIP.

A Sermon preached at the Consecration of St. Columba's Church, Edinburgh. By ALEXANDER, by Divine Permission, Bishop of Brechin. 8vo., price 6d., or 1s. by post.

**BUTLER.**—SERMONS FOR WORKING MEN.

By WILLIAM JOHN BUTLER, M.A., Vicar of Wantage, Berks, late the Perpetual Curate of Wareside, near Ware. In good bold Type, price 6s. 6d.

**CARTER.**—REMARKS ON CHRISTIAN GRAVESTONES with Working Drawings. By the Rev. ECCLES J. CARTER, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, Minor Canon of Bristol Cathedral. Demy 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

**CATECHISM,** to be learnt before the CHURCH CATECHISM. For Infant Schools. A new edition, carefully revised, price 1d., (2d. by post,) or 6s. 6d. per 100.

**CERTIFICATES OF BAPTISM, CONFIRMATION, AND FIRST COMMUNION,** on a Large Card, price 2d., or 14s. per 100.

**CERTIFICATES OF CONFIRMATION AND HOLY COMMUNION**, handsomely printed in Red and Black on Cards, price 2d., or 14s. per hundred. Strong Paper Cloth Envelopes 4s. per hundred.

The Type being always kept standing, Clergymen may have them printed expressly for their own parishes, having only to sign their names. Price for 50, 10s.; 100, 15s.

**CHARCOAL BURNERS (THE)**. 18mo. cloth, price 1s. 6d.

**CHARLTON.—THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR SYSTEMATICALLY AND PRACTICALLY ARRANGED**; with Examination Paper and Appendix. By SAMUEL CHARLTON, B.A., of S. John's College, Cambridge. In 18mo. price 1s. 6d. cloth.

**CHRISTIAN LOYALTY.**

A Sermon. Price 1d.

**CHURCHMAN'S COMPANION (THE)**

A Monthly Magazine. Price 6d. Is carefully edited, and adapted for general reading for all classes. It contains a great variety of Instructive and Amusing matter:—Biography, Tales, Essays, Explanations of the Church Services and Seasons, Bible Illustrations, Natural History, Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. Vols. I. and II. are now ready, strongly bound and cut edges, price 2s. 9d. Vol. III., 3s. 6d., with an allowance to the Clergy for Lending Libraries.

**EDITOR'S PREFACE.**—"In presenting our readers with the first volume of the **CHURCHMAN'S COMPANION**, we cannot but express a hope, that we have fulfilled the promises made in our Prospectus. Our object has been to present a magazine free from all controversial bias, and yet firmly maintaining the doctrines of the Church; a magazine devoted to the interest of all, as members of the same Body, and in which rich and poor, young and old, might find rational amusement and instruction. To what extent we have succeeded in this our earnest wish, must be left for our readers to decide. It is our pleasing duty to thank many warm-hearted friends for the kindly interest they have taken, and the strenuous exertions they have made to bring the magazine into notice. But at the same time, we must respectfully but earnestly entreat every one of our readers to use his utmost exertions to obtain at least one additional subscriber. A magazine such as this cannot be established but by a very large circulation; and that circulation cannot be attained but by the greatest efforts. In an age when cheap publications of an irreligious tendency command so extensive a sale, it is much to be hoped, that amongst Churchmen *one* cheap magazine, conducted on sound principles, will be enabled to gain a footing. If we have already, in any degree, proved ourselves worthy of confidence and support, we can only say, that for the future nothing shall be wanting on our part to render the magazine still more useful and acceptable to those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

**CHURCHMAN'S DIARY (The)**; being an Almanack for the Year of Grace 1848, being Leap-year. Price 3d., with the usual Allowance to Clergymen taking a number for distribution.

**CHURCHES (AN ACCOUNT OF THE) OF SCARBO-ROUGH, FILEY, and its neighbourhood.** By the Rev. G. A. POOLE, M.A., and JOHN WEST HUGALL, Architect. In fcp. 8vo., illustrated with numerous Engravings.

**CHURCHES (The) OF ENGLAND AND ROME** briefly tested by the Nicene Creed, as applied by MR. NORTHCOTE. By a MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**CHURTON.—LAYS OF FAITH AND LOYALTY.**

By the Ven. Archdeacon CHURTON, M.A., Rector of Crayke. Price 2s.

**CLARKE.—A COLLECTION OF LETTERS** addressed by Prelates and Individuals of High Rank in Scotland, and by Two Bishops of Sodor and Man to Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury in the Reigns of Kings Charles II. and James VII. Edited from Originals in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with Explanatory and Biographical Notices, by WILLIAM NELSON CLARKE, D.C.L., of Christ Church, Oxford. Price 5s.

**CODD.—SERMONS PREACHED IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF S. GILES, CAMBRIDGE.** By the Rev. EDWARD T. CODD, M.A., S. John's College, Cambridge, Perpetual Curate of S. James, Cotes Heath, Staffordshire. In 12mo., price 6s. 6d. cloth.

**COMMENTARY ON THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS.** Chiefly from Ancient Sources. 18mo., cloth, price 1s.

"Under this modest title we have a most useful and truly religious realization of the Evangelical meaning of the Penitential Psalms. The writer has chosen for illustration the internal acts of penitence, and in a very able and eloquent introduction has placed the use of the Psalms in the Christian Church, and of these especially, as exponents of Evangelical repentance, in a very clear and satisfactory light."—*Ecclesiastic*.

**COMPANION TO THE ALTAR.**

Adapted to the Office for the Holy Communion, according to the Use of the Scottish Church. 32mo., sewed, 6d. ; cloth, 8d.

**CONFESSION, AN EARNEST EXHORTATION TO,** Addressed to all Sinners who having Grievously Offended the Divine Majesty, desire by Penitence to destroy the hated past. In Demy 8vo., price 6d., or 8d. by post.

**CONFIRMATION CONSIDERED DOCTRINALLY AND PRACTICALLY,** in Four Sermons. The Baptism of the Holy Ghost, the Duties and Privileges of the Confirmed. By a CLERGYMAN. Fcap. 8vo. Price 1s.

**CONFIRMATION.**

Questions and Answers on Confirmation. Price One Penny, or 5s. per hundred for distribution.

**CRESSWELL.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.**

Twelve Sermons by RICHARD CRESSWELL, B.A. Curate of Salcombe Regis, Devon. 12mo. cloth, price 6s.

**DESIGNS FOR GRAVESTONES, ON SHEETS.**

No. 1, containing 29 designs, price 3d. No. 2, price 2d.

**DUKE.**—A SYSTEMATIC ANALYSIS OF BISHOP BUTLER'S TREATISE ON THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION TO THE CONSTITUTION OF NATURE, so far as relates to Natural Religion : to which is added, Some Considerations on Certain Arguments therein advanced. By the Rev. HENRY H. DUKE, B.A., Chaplain to the Infirmary at Salisbury. Demy 8vo., price 4s. 6d. Interleaved, 6s.

**DUNSTER.**—STORIES FROM THE CHRONICLERS, (FROISSART), illustrating the History, Manners, and Customs of the Reign of Edward III. By the Rev. HENRY P. DUNSTER, M.A. 18mo. cloth Price 2s. 6d.

**EARLY FRIENDSHIP; OR, THE TWO CATECHUMENS.**  
18mo. cloth, price 1s. 6d.

*Published every alternate month, price 1s. 6d.*

**ECCLESIOLOGIST (THE).**

Published under the Superintendence of the ECCLESIOLOGICAL LATE CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

Seven Volumes are now published, and may be had at the following prices, in boards:—Vol. I., 5s. 6d.; Vol. II., with Two Engravings, 5s. 6d.; Vol. III., with Seven Engravings, 6s. 6d.; Vol. IV., (New Series, I.) with Four Engravings, 8s.; Vol. V., (N. S. II.) with Three Engravings, 8s. 6d. Vol. VI. (N. S. III.) with Three Engravings, price 7s. 6d.; Vol. VII. (N. S. IV.) with Three Engravings, 8s.; Vol. VIII. (N. S. V.) with Engravings, 11s.

**ECCLESIOLOGIST'S GUIDE (THE) TO THE DEANERIES OF BRISLEY, HINGHAM, BRECCLES, AND WAXTON,** together with Flegg and Blofield Deaneries, and that part of Cranwicke Deanery comprised in the Hundred of South Greenhoe, all in the County of Norfolk. 12mo. sewed, Part I., 1s. 6d. Part II., price 1s. 4d.

**ENGLISH CHURCHMAN'S KALENDAR (THE) FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD MDCCCXLVIII.,** being Leap-year. Compiled from the Book of Common Prayer. Third Year. Price 1s.

**ENTHUSIASM NOT RELIGION.**

A Tale. By the late M. A. C. Foolscap 8vo., cloth, price 5s.

"This is a remarkable little book, in more points of view than one. It is remarkable as the production of a very young person, whose mind seems to have acquired a growth far beyond its years, and to have seized upon sound religious opinions, even in deep matters, without effort. It is also remarkable for powerful delineation of character, for apt illustration, and for dramatic force. Seldom have we met with a more striking combination of simplicity and wisdom."—*Monmouth Beacon.*

**EUCHOLOGION.**

A Collection of Prayers, Forms of Intercession, and Thanksgiving, Litanies, &c. For the use of Families. 12mo., cloth, price 3s. 6d.



**EVANS.—SACRED MUSIC,**

Composed and Dedicated [by permission] to the Worshipful and Reverend George Martin, M.A., Oxon., Chancellor of the Diocese of Exeter, &c. By the REV. WILLIAM SLOANE EVANS, B.A., [Soc. Cam.] Trinity College, Cantb., Curate of S. David's, Exeter. Consisting of Twelve Original Psalm Tunes adapted to the New Metrical Version, Sanctus, Iyrie-Eleeson, and Single Chants. Imperial 8vo., price 4s.

**FAMILY PRAYERS** adapted to the course of the Ecclesiastical Year. Compiled for the use of the Families of the Clergy or Laity. By a Clergyman. In royal 18mo., price 1s.

**FAMILY PRAYERS,**

Consisting of a Selection of the Collects and Prayers of the Church of England. By a Graduate of the University of Cambridge. In royal 18mo., price 1s.; paper cover, 6d.

“The object of the Compiler has been to supply a Form of Family Prayers, at once short, comprehensive, varied, deeply devotional, and suited to the wants of all classes, whether in the mansions of the rich, or in the dwellings of the poor.”—*Preface.*

**FLOWER.—A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF THE SCHOOL-**

MASTER'S OFFICE, considered in an Address to the Teachers of the Moral and Industrial Training Schools of the Manchester Poor Law Union, at Swinton. By the Rev. W. B. FLOWER, B.A., one of the Classical Masters of Christ's Hospital. Price 6d.

“The Works of the Lord are great”

**FLOWER.—A THANKSGIVING SERMON.**

Preached in the Parish Church of S. Hugh, Harlow, Essex. By the Rev. W. B. FLOWER, B.A., late Scholar of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and one of the Classical Masters at Christ's Hospital. Demy 8vo., price 6d., or 8d. by post.

**FLOWER.—READING LESSONS FOR THE HIGHER**

CLASSES IN GRAMMAR, MIDDLE, AND DIOCESAN SCHOOLS, selected and arranged by the Rev. W. B. FLOWER, B.A., one of the Classical Masters at Christ's Hospital, London. 12mo., cloth, 3s.

\*\*\* This work has already received the approval of the Bishops of London, Exeter, Lichfield, Ripon, and Fredericton, and many Masters of Grammar Schools, into some of which it has been introduced.

**FORD.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW ILLU-**

STRATED FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS. By the Rev. JAMES FORD, M.A., late of Oriel College, Oxford. Demy 8vo., cloth, price 10s. 6d.

**FORM OF SELF-EXAMINATION.**

With Prayers Preparatory to the Holy Communion. A New Edition. 2d.

**FORM OF SELF-EXAMINATION**, with a Few Directions for Daily Use. By F. H. M. Price 3d., or 21s. per 100.



**FOUQUE.—ASLAUGA AND HER KNIGHT.**

An Allegory. From the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.  
A new Translation. In 18mo. cloth, price 1s. 6d.

**FOUR-PAGE TRACTS, suited also for Tract Covers.**

1. Scripture Rules for Holy Living.—2. Baptism and Registration.  
—3. George Herbert.—4. Dreamland.—5. Songs for Labourers.—  
6. Plain Directions for Prayer, with a few Forms.—7. Reasons for  
Daily Service.—8. Easter Songs.—9. The Good Shepherd.—10.  
Morning and Evening Hymns.—11. A Few Reasons for Keeping  
the Fasts and Festivals.—12. The Church Calendar. Price 2s. 6d.  
in packets of 50, or the whole done up in a sewed volume, price 9d.

**FOURPENNY REWARD BOOKS.**

The Singers.—The Wake.—Beating the Bounds.—The Bonfire.  
Hallowmas Eve.—A Sunday Walk and a Sunday Talk.—Legend  
of S. Dorothea.—Dream of S. Perpetua.—Siege of Nisibis.—  
Christian Heroism.—The Little Miners.—The Secret.—Little  
Willie, the Lame Boy.—Try Again. Packets of 13, 4s.

**FOX.—MONKS AND MONASTERIES.**

Being an Account of ENGLISH MONACHISM. By the Rev. SAMUEL  
FOX, M.A., F.S.A. 12mo. cloth. Price 5s.

**FOX.—A HISTORY OF ROME.**

By the Rev. SAMUEL FOX, M.A., F.S.A. 18mo. cloth, 3s.

**FREEMAN.—PRINCIPLES OF CHURCH RESTORA-  
TION.** By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, B.A., Fellow of Trinity  
Coll., Oxford. 8vo., 1s.**FRENCH.—PRACTICAL REMARKS ON SOME OF  
THE MINOR ACCESSORIES TO THE SERVICES OF THE  
CHURCH, with Hints on the reparation of Altar Cloths, Pede  
Cloths, and other Ecclesiastical Furniture. Addressed to Ladies  
and Churchwardens. By GILBERT J. FRENCH. Foolscap  
8vo., with Engravings, price 4s. boards.****GRESLEY.—COLTON GREEN,**

A Tale of the Black Country. By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY,  
M.A. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

**GRESLEY.—HENRI DE CLERMONT; or, the  
Royalists of La Vendée. A Tale of the French Revolution. By  
the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY, M.A. With cuts, 18mo. cloth, 2s.****GRESLEY.—PAROCHIAL SERMONS.**

By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth. 7s. 6d.

**GRESLEY.—PRACTICAL SERMONS. By the Rev.  
WILLIAM GRESLEY, Prebendary of Lichfield. Price 7s. 6d.****GRESLEY.—PETER PLATTIN; OR, THE LITTLE  
MINERS. A Fairy Tale. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A.  
Cuts. Price 4d., stiff cover.****GRESLEY.—CLEMENT WALTON; or, the English  
Citizen. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Cheap edition 1s. 8d.****GRESLEY.—THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.**

12mo, cloth, 4s. Cheap edition 1s. 8d.

**GRESLEY.—CHARLES LEVER; the Man of the Nineteenth Century.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d. Cheap edition 1s. 8d.

**GRESLEY.—THE FOREST OF ARDEN.**

A Tale illustrative of the English Reformation. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 4s. Cheap edition 2s.

**GRESLEY.—CHURCH CLAVERING; or, the School-master.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 4s. Cheap edition 2s.

**GRESLEY.—CONISTON HALL; or, the Jacobites.**

A Historical Tale. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.

**GRESLEY.—FRANK'S FIRST TRIP TO THE CONTINENT.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth 4s. 6d. Cheap edition, 3s.

**GRESLEY.—BERNARD LESLIE.**

A Tale of the Last Ten Years. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

**GRESLEY.—HOLIDAY TALES.**

Cloth 2s. Wrapper, 1s. 6d.

**GRESLEY.—TREATISE ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH.**

Containing Remarks on its History, Theory, Peculiarities; the Objections of Romanists and Dissenters; its Practical Defects; its Present Position; its Future Prospects; and the Duties of its Members. By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 12mo. 1s.

**GRESLEY.—THE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 3d.

**GRESLEY.—THE REAL DANGER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.** By Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. 6th edit. 8vo. 9d.

**GRESLEY.—A SECOND STATEMENT OF THE REAL DANGER OF THE CHURCH.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. Third edition. 8vo. 1s.

**GRESLEY.—A THIRD STATEMENT OF THE REAL DANGER OF THE CHURCH.** By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. Second edition. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The above three pamphlets are now sold in one vol. Price 2s. 6d. in a stiff wrapper.

**HAND-BOOK (A) OF ENGLISH ECCLESIOLOGY.**

By the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society. In Demy 18mo., cloth, 7s., or strongly bound in limp Calf and interleaved, 10s. 6d. With an Index of Subjects.

Those persons who have purchased the Hand-book of English Ecclesiology, may have the Index on application.

**HAWKER.—ECHOES FROM OLD CORNWALL.**

By the Rev. R. S. HAWKER, M.A., Vicar of Morwenstow. Handsomely printed in Post 8vo., price 4s., bound in cloth.

“These verses bear token of not having been written to order, but for the solace of the author’s own feelings; and the reader who takes up the ‘Echoes’ in search of the same calm temper of mind will, we think, not be disappointed.”—*Ecclesiastic*.

**HEWETT.**—A BRIEF HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF S. PETER, EXETER. By J. W. HEWETT, Trinity College, Cambridge. Honorary Secretary to the Cambridge Architectural Society. 8vo., Sewed, 1s.

IN PREPARATION.

FOUR APPENDICES to the above, with illustrations.

**HEWETT.**—THE ARRANGEMENT OF PARISH CHURCHES CONSIDERED, in a Paper read before the Cambridge Architectural Society, on February 18, 1848. By J. W. HEWETT, of Trinity College, one of the Secretaries. 8vo., price 6d.

**HEYGATE.**—GODFREY DAVENANT; or, School Life. By the Rev. WILLIAM E. HEYGATE, M.A. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

**HEYGATE.**—WILLIAM BLAKE; OR, THE ENGLISH FARMER. By the Rev. W. E. HEYGATE. Author of "Probatio Clerica" and "Godfrey Davenant." Fcp. 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**HICKES.**—DEVOTIONS IN THE ANCIENT WAY OF OFFICES, with PSALMS, HYMNS, and PRAYERS, for every Day of the Week, and every Holy Day in the Year. With a Preface. By GEORGE HICKES, D.D. Royal 18mo., price 6s. cloth, (reprinted from the edition of 1717.) Morocco, 10s. 6d.

**HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK,** as applied to Ecclesiastical Purposes. Printed in square 16mo. with numerous Engravings. Price 3s.

**HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.**

From its erection into a separate kingdom to the year 1836. Price 2s. 6d.

**HOPWOOD.**—CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH.

A Volume of Plain and Practical Sermons. Preached in the Parish Church of Worthing, Sussex. By the Rev. HENRY HOPWOOD, M.A., Rector of Bothal, Durham. Demy 8vo. Price 5s. 6d.

**HOPWOOD.**—ELISHA'S STAFF IN THE HAND OF GEHAZI, and other Sermons. By the Rev. HENRY HOPWOOD, M.A. 12mo., cloth, price 2s. 6d.

**HOPWOOD.**—THE CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY.

By the Rev. HENRY HOPWOOD, M.A. This work will be found to contain in a small compass, all the more interesting and important facts of Geography, in connexion with sound religious principles. Price 1s. stiff cloth cover.

**HOPWOOD.**—AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Carefully compiled; including the Latest Discoveries, and a Chapter on Ecclesiastical Geography. By the Rev. HENRY HOPWOOD, M.A. With a Map coloured to show the Christian, Heathen, and Mahometan Countries, English Possessions, &c. Price 2s. 6d.

**HOLINESS IN THE PRIEST'S HOUSEHOLD ESSENTIAL TO THE HOLINESS OF THE PARISH.** A Plain Address to my Household. By a CLERGYMAN. 18mo. Price 6d., or 8d. by post.

**HORN BOOK (THE) LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN,**  
on Cards, in a case. By a Lady. First Series, 2s. Second  
Series, 3s.

**HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.**

By the Author of "The Lord of the Forest," "Verses for Holy  
Seasons," &c. Price 1s. cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

This little volume has the Clerical Imprimatur of the Rev. JOHN  
KEBLE, M.A., Author of the "Christian Year."

**HYMNS ON SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS** for the use  
of the Young. 18mo. cloth, price 1s.

**INGLE.—QUEEN'S LETTERS AND STATE SER-  
VICES: THE ONE TO BE OBEYED AND THE OTHER RE-  
SISTED.** By JOHN INGLE, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge,  
Assistant Curate of S. Olave, Exeter. In Demy 8vo. price 6d.

**IRONS.—ON THE WHOLE DOCTRINE OF FINAL  
CAUSES.** A Dissertation in Three Parts, with an Introductory  
Chapter on the Character of Modern Deism. By WILLIAM J.  
IRONS, B.D., Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Brompton,  
Middlesex. Demy 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

**IRONS.—ON THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.**

PAROCHIAL LECTURES. By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, B.D. Demy  
8vo., price 4s. 6d.

**IRONS.—ON THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.**

PAROCHIAL LECTURES. Second Series. By the Rev. W. J. IRONS,  
B.D. Price 4s. 6d.

**IRONS.—ECCLESIASTICAL JURISDICTION.**

Being FOUR LECTURES on the Synod—The Diocese—The Parish  
—The Priest. With a Preliminary Essay on the Teaching and  
Priestly Offices, and Appendices on the Doctrine of UNITY and  
the Royal SUPREMACY. By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, B.D. In Demy  
8vo., price 7s. 6d.

\* \* The above Three Series may be had in one volume, price 12s.

**IRONS.—SHOULD THE STATE OBLIGE US TO  
EDUCATE?** A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell.  
By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, B.D. Demy 8vo., price 6d.

**IRONS.—A MANUAL FOR UNBAPTIZED CHIL-  
DREN, PREPARATORY TO BAPTISM.** By Rev. W. J. IRONS,  
B.D. Price 2d. or 14s. per 100.

**IRONS.—A MANUAL FOR UNBAPTIZED ADULTS,  
PREPARATORY TO THEIR BAPTISM.** By Rev. W. J. IRONS,  
B.D. Price 2d., or 14s. per 100.

**IRONS.—A MANUAL FOR CHRISTIANS UNCON-  
FIRMED PREPARATORY TO CONFIRMATION AND COM-  
MUNION.** By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, B.D. Fifth Edition. Price  
2d., or 14s. per 100.

**IRONS.—AN EPITOME OF THE BAMPTON LEC-  
TURES OF THE REV. DR. HAMPDEN.** By W. J. IRONS, B.D.  
Price 1s., or 1s. 4d. by post.

**IRONS.—FIFTY-TWO PROPOSITIONS.—A LETTER TO THE REV. DR. HAMPTON**, submitting to him certain Assertions, Assumptions, and implications in his Bampton Lectures; reduced to the form of Propositions. By W. J. IRONS, B.D., Incumbent of Brompton, Middlesex. Price 6d., or 8d. by post.

**ISLAND CHOIR (THE); OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILD JESUS.** 18mo., Price 6d.

NOTICE.—“This tale has been written without any direct moral, but still with the hope of exhibiting faint image of some features worth cultivating in the character of boys. If its publication confers the smallest advantage on any of the young, the Author has so far been fulfilling his peculiar calling; but other circumstances of his life lead him to dedicate it specially to Clergymen, with the prayer that as it is the Priest's vocation to set forth in his own life the example of God in the form of *man*, so these younger Ministers of the Church may shine like lights among their equals, by conforming themselves to the pattern of the *Child Jesus*.”

**JENKINS. — SYNCHRONISTICAL OR COTEMPORARY ANNALS OF THE KINGS AND PROPHETS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH**, and of the Kings of Syria, Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, mentioned in the Scriptures By W. J. JENKINS, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, Assistant Curate of S. George's, Ramsgate. Demy 4to., price 5s.

“A Tabular View of the Kings of Israel and Judah, and the neighbouring Sovereigns, according as they were contemporary with each other. The Prophets are also included in the Plan. The book seems to have been got up with care, and will, we doubt not, be found very useful in Schools.”—*Christian Remembrancer*.

**JOHNS, B. G.—THE COLLECTS AND CATECHISING FOR EVERY SUNDAY AND FESTIVAL THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.** By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS, former Master of S. Mark's College, Chelsea. 18mo. 3s.

**JOHNS, B. G.—EASY DICTATING LESSONS.** In Prose and Verse, Original and Selected. By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS. Price 1s. cloth, or 1s. 6d. by post.

**JOHNS, C. A.—EXAMINATION QUESTIONS ON THE HISTORICAL PARTS OF THE PENTATEUCH.** For the Use of Families, National Schools, and the Lower Forms in Grammar Schools. By the Rev. C. A. JOHNS, B.A., F.L.S., Head Master of the Grammar School, Helston, Cornwall. Demy 18mo., price 1s., strongly bound in cloth.

**JOLLY, Bp.—THE CHRISTIAN SACRIFICE IN THE EUCHARIST**; considered as it is the doctrine of Holy Scripture, embraced by the Universal Church of the first and purest times, by the Church of England, and by the Episcopal Church in Scotland. By the Right Rev. ALEXANDER JOLLY, D.D., late Bishop of Moray. 12mo., cloth, Second Edition, price 2s. 6d.

**JOULE.**—A GUIDE TO THE CELEBRATION OF MARTINS AND EVEN-SONG, according to the Use of the United Church of England and Ireland, containing *The Order of Daily Service, The Litany, and the Order for the Administration of the Holy Communion*, with PSALM-TUNE. By BENJAMIN JOULE, JUN., Honorary Chapel-Master of Holy Trinity Church, Manchester, &c. In royal 8vo., price 2s., in a stiff cover.

**KILVERT.**—HOME DISCIPLINE; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE ORIGIN AND EXERCISE OF DOMESTIC AUTHORITY. With an Appendix. By ADELAIDES KILVERT. New Edition. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d.

**LAW OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH THE LAW OF THE LAND.** Foolscap 8v., price 2d.

This Tract forms a suitable companion to "The Distinctive Tenets of the Church of England. By the REV. W. GRESLEY, M.A."

**LAWSON.**—PLAIN AND PRACTICAL SERMONS.

By G. H. GRAY LAWSON, F.A., Perpetual Curate of Dilton Marsh. 8vo. cloth, price 10s. 6d.

**LETTER ON THE SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE.** (Reprinted from *The English Churchman*, and revised by the author.) With Authorities for the Statements in the Letter, and showing the Principle on which those Statements are founded. By a PRIEST OF THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND. Price 4d., or 6d. by Post.

**LETTER UPON THE SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION**, addressed to the "Little Ones" of his Flock. By an English Priest. Price 6.; or 5s. per dozen.

**LIST OF THE DAYS IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1848**, on which it is recommended for Members of the Church to give or accept invitations to Convivial Parties, the Church having ordered them to "Fast" or "Abstain." On a Sheet, Demy 4to., Rubricated. Price 6d.

**LITURGY FOR A VILLAGE SCHOOL**, compiled for the use of SHENSTONE NATIONAL SCHOOL, Diocese of Lichfield. In stiff cloth cover, price 6d., or 10d. by post.

**LONDON PAROCHIAL TRACTS.**

Conversion, in Two Parts. Price 2d., 14s. per hundred.

Be One Again. An Earnest Entreaty from a Clergyman to his People to Unite in Public Worship. Price 1d., 7s. per hundred.

The Church a Family; or, a Letter from a Clergyman to the Parishioners upon their Blessings and Duties as Members of the Household of God. Price 1½d., or 10s. 6d. per hundred.

Advice to Christian Parents. Price 1d., or 7s. per hundred.

**LORAINÉ.**—LAYS OF ISRAEL; or, Tales of the Temple and the Cross. By AMELIA M. LORAINÉ. In Fcap. 8vo., neatly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., morocco, 5s.

**LORD OF THE FOREST AND HIS VASSALS.**

By the author of "Verses for Holy Seasons." With an ornamental border round each page, and beautiful Frontispiece. Small 4to., cloth, elegantly bound price 4s. 6d.



**MANGER OF THE HOLY NIGHT**, with the **TALES OF THE PRINCE SCHREIMUND AND THE PRINCESS SCHWEIGSTILLA**. From the German of GUIDO GORRES. By C. E. H., Morwenstow. Sixteen Illustrations. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s.

**MANUAL FOR COMMUNICANTS.**

Being an Assistant to a Devout and Worthy Reception of **THE LORD'S SUPPER**. Compiled from Catholic Sources. By a Parish Priest. Price 2d. (3d. by post) or 3s. 6d. for 25, gilt edges, suitable for insertion in the small Prayer Books. Also, an enlarged edition, beautifully rubricated and bound, price 1s. 6d., or paper cover, 9d.

**MILL.—FIVE SERMONS ON THE NATURE OF CHRISTIANITY.** Preached in Advent and Christmas Tide, 1846, before the University of Cambridge. By W. H. MILL, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, and Christian Advocate; Chaplain to the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo., cloth. Price 7s.

**MILL.—A LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN IN LONDON** on the Theological Character of Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, and the Extent and Value of Subsequent qualifications to their meaning. By W. H. MILL, D.D., Rector of Brasted, Kent. Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo., sewed, price 1s., or 1s. 4d. by post.

**MILLARD.—HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE OFFICE OF CHORISTERS.** By the REV. JAMES ELWIN MILLARD, B.A., Head Master of Magdalene College School, Oxford. Price 2s. 6d.

**MILLER.—TITHES OR HEATHENISM.** Reasons for not accepting the Tithe Commissioners' Award, most Dutifully and Respectfully submitted to the Queen of England, the Parliament, and the People, in a Second Letter to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, M.P., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. By CHARLES MILLER, M.A., Vicar of Harlow. 6d.

**MONRO.—THE DARK RIVER.**

An Allegory. By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO, Perpetual Curate of Harrow Weald. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**MONRO.—THE VAST ARMY.**

An Allegory. By the Rev. E. MONRO. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**MONRO.—THE COMBATANTS.**

An Allegory. By the Rev. E. MONRO. 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**MONRO.—STORIES OF COTTAGERS.**

By the Rev. E. MONRO. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.; or the Stories separate in a packet, 2s.

**MONRO.—DERMOT, THE UNBAPTIZED.**

By the Rev. E. MONRO. 3d.

**MONRO.—WANDERING WILLIE, THE SPONSOR.**

By the Rev. E. MONRO. 2d.

**MONRO.—OLD ROBERT GRAY.**

By the Rev. E. MONRO. 3d.

**MONRO.—PRAYERS, RULES, &c.** drawn up for the Observance of the Canonical Hours, as well as for Private Use in the College of S. Andrew, Harrow Weald. By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO. On Paper 2d., Cards 4d., for Suspension.

**MONTAGUE'S, Bp. ARTICLES OF INQUIRY PUT FORTH AT HIS PRIMARY VISITATION, 1638,** with a Memoir. Foolscap 8vo., 124 pp., 1s. 6d.

To the Friends of the Scottish Church and Churchmen in general.

*Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.*

**MONTGOMERY.—THE SCOTTISH CHURCH AND THE ENGLISH SCHISMATICS:** being LETTERS ON THE RECENT SCHISM IN SCOTLAND. With a Dedicatory Epistle to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Glasgow; and a Documentary Appendix. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A., Oxon., Author of "The Gospel in Advance of the Age," "Luther," &c. 3s.

**NOTICE.**—The attention of Churchmen is respectfully requested to this publication, which all the Scottish Prelates, as well as many of the English and American ones, have pronounced to be the most adequate exponent of the subject there discussed.

"We feel bound to state that the part which MR. MONTGOMERY has taken in this matter reflects the highest lustre both on his character as a Clergyman and gentleman. \* \* He now stands with a character for a noble and disinterested championship of the truth, for soundness of doctrine, and honesty of purpose, which has met with the approbation and esteem, as well of his former Diocesan, as of every good Churchman in England, Ireland, and Scotland, where his 'LETTERS' have been read, and the facts of the case become known."—*Theologian* for May, pp. 311, 312.

**MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES FOR BEGINNERS.** A Form of Daily Prayer: with a Short Form for Daily Examination of the Conscience. Compiled by a Clergyman. Price 2d., or 14s. per hundred.

**MORRISON.—THE CREED AS EXTERNALLY SET FORTH AND ENFORCED BY THE CHURCH CALENDAR.** By the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, M.A., Curate of S. Illogan, Cornwall. On a large sheet, for the use of Schools, price 4d., or 6d. by post.

**NEALE.—A HISTORY OF THE HOLY EASTERN CHURCH:**—A History of the Patriarchate of Alexandria. In Six Books. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo., price 24s.

Book I. From the Foundation of the Church of Alexandria to the Rise of Nestorianism.—Book II. From the Rise of the Nestorian Heresy to the Deposition of Dioscorus and the Great Schism.—Book III. From the Deposition of Dioscorus to the Capture of Alexandria by the Saracens.—Book IV. From the Capture of Alexandria by the Saracens to the Accession of Saladin as Vizir.—Book V. From the Accession of Saladin as Vizir to the First Interference of the Portuguese.—Book VI. From the First Interference of the Portuguese to the Death of Hierotheus.



**NEALE.—LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.** By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 12mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

**NEALE.—ON PRIVATE DEVOTION IN CHURCHES.** The Re-introduction of the System of Private Devotion in Churches considered in a Letter to the Venerable the President of the Cambridge Camden Society. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Price 1s.

**NEALE.—ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.**

From the Invasion of the Romans, to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. A New Edition, Revised. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. 6d.

‘We can conscientiously recommend this nice little book, and we trust that it is the first step towards the banishment from nursery and school-room of those odious compilations that at present disgrace the name of ‘Histories for the Young,’ and which are fraught with eminent danger to the moral rectitude of those who read them.’—*Ecclesiastic*, Feb. 846.

**NEALE.—TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS.**

Tales and Sketches of Christian Heroism and Christian Endurance. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 2 Vols. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. each.

**NEALE.—HYMNS FOR THE SICK.**

By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Large Type. Price 10d., or 1s. d. cloth.

**NEALE.—HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.**

By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. First and Second Series. 3d. each.

**NEALE.—HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.**

By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 3d.

\*\*\* The three little works may be had, neatly bound together in cloth, price 1s.

**NEALE.—SONGS AND BALLADS FOR MANUFACTURES.** By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. Price 3d.

**NEALE.—SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.**

By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 3d., or 21s. per 100.

\*\*\* These may also be had, stitched together in a neat Wrapper, price 6d., or 5s. per dozen.

**NEALE.—STORIES FROM HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY AND GREEK HISTORY FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.** By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s.

**NEALE.—STORIES OF THE CRUSADES.**

De Hellingly and the Crusade of S. Louis. Comprising a Historical View of the Period. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. With Frontispiece by SELOUS, and Two Plans. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.; half bound in morocco, 5s.

**NEALE.—DUCHENIER**, or the Revolt of La Vendée  
By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 12mo. cloth, uniform with the  
above, price 4s. 6d.; half bound in morocco, 5s.

**NEALE.—HIEROLOGUS ; OR, THE CHURCH TOURISTS**  
By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 12mo. cloth. Price 6s. Cheap  
Edition, in 2 parts, price 1s. 8d. each.

**OF THE DUE AND LOWLY REVERENCE TO BE**  
**DONE BY ALL AT THE MENTION OF THE HOLY NAME OF**  
**JESUS**, in time of Divine Service. Price 1d., or 6s. 6d. per 10.

**ORDER FOR COMPLINE**, or, Prayers before Bed-  
Time. In post 8vo., price 4d., in a stiff cover, or 6d. by post.

**ORGANS**, a Short Account of, Erected in England since  
the Restoration. (Illustrated by numerous Wood-cuts, con-  
sisting of drawings of existing examples and designs for Organ  
Cases, by A. W. PUGIN, Esq.) By a Member of the University  
of Cambridge. Fcp. 8vo., price 6s. cloth.

**OSMOND.—CHRISTIAN MEMORIALS.**

Being a Series of Designs for Headstones, &c., designed and  
drawn on stone by WILLIAM OSMOND, Jun., Salisbury. In  
Parts. 4to. Price 2s. 6d. each. To be completed in about six  
Parts.

**PAGET.—THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.**

Practical Sermons on the Burial Service. By the Rev F. E.  
PAGET, M.A., Rector of Elford. 12mo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

**PAGET.—SERMONS ON DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.**

By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. Second Edition. 12mo. Price  
6s. 6d.

**PAGET.—SERMONS ON THE SAINTS' DAYS AND**  
**FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.** By the Rev. F. E. PAGET,  
Rector of Elford. 12mo. cloth, price 7s.

**PAGET.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DAY.**

By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. NEW EDITION. *In square 24mo.*  
*with bordered pages, and Frontispiece from Overbeck.* Price 3s. 6d.  
cloth. 6s. morocco. Antique morocco, 21s.

**PAGET.—SURSUM CORDA: AIDS TO PRIVATE**

DEVOTION. Being a Body of Prayers collected from the Writings  
of English Churchmen. Compiled and arranged by FRANCIS  
E. PAGET, M.A. In Two Parts, square 24mo., Bordered Pages,  
and Beautiful Frontispiece, price 5s., or in Plain Morocco 7s. 6d.;  
for presents, Morocco Extra 10s. 6d., or Antique Morocco 22s. 6d.

*\*\* This is the work announced in the "Christian's Joy," under the  
title, "A Manual of Devotions," as a Companion to that work.*

**PAGET.—MILFORD MALVOISIN ; or, PEWS AND**  
**PEWHOLDERS.** By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 2nd Edition.  
12mo. Price 3s.

- PAGET.**—S. ANTHOLIN'S; or, OLD CHURCHES AND NEW. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 4th Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- PAGET.**—THE PAGEANT; or, PLEASURE AND ITS PRICE. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 2nd Edition. 12mo. Price 4s. 6d.
- PAGET.**—THE WARDEN OF BERKINGHOLT. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 2nd Edition. 12mo. 5s. Cheap Edition, in 2 parts, 1s. 4d. each.
- PAGET.**—LUKE SHARP; or KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT RELIGION. A Tale of Modern Education. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 13mo. Price 2s. 6d.
- PAGET.**—A TRACT UPON TOMBSTONES; or, Suggestions for the consideration of Persons intending to set up that kind of Monument to the Memory of Deceased Friends. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. Demy 8vo., with numerous Illustrations, Second Edition, price 1s., or 1s. 2d. by post.
- PAGET.**—MEMORANDA PAROCHIALIA; or, THE PARISH PRIEST'S GUIDE. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. Third Edition, printed on writing paper, bound in leather, with tuck and pockets, price 3s. 6d. Double size, 5s.
- PAGET.**—TALES OF THE VILLAGE CHILDREN. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. First Series. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. 6d.
- PAGET.**—TALES OF THE VILLAGE CHILDREN. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. Second Series. 18mo. cloth. Price 2s. 6d.
- PAGET.**—THE HOPE OF THE KATZEKOPFS. A Fairy Tale. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. Illustrated by Scott. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d. Second Edition. With a Preface by the Author.
- PAGET.**—PRAYERS ON BEHALF OF THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN in time of TROUBLE. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 1s.
- PAGET.**—THE IDOLATRY OF COVETOUSNESS. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 1s.
- PAGET.**—A FEW PRAYERS, AND A FEW WORDS ABOUT PRAYER. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 2d. A Packet of 13, 2s.
- PAGET.**—HOW TO BE USEFUL AND HAPPY. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. 2d. A Packet of 13, 2s.
- PAGET.**—HOW TO SPEND SUNDAY WELL AND HAPPILY. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET, M.A. On a card, 1d.
- PALEY.**—THE ECCLESIOLOGIST'S GUIDE to the Churches within a Circuit of Seven Miles round Cambridge. With Introductory Remarks. By F. A. PALEY, M.A. Price 2s.

**PARISH TRACTS.**

**HOLY COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION:**—1. The Communion Office, with Explanations. 2. The Confirmation Office, with Explanations. 3. Harry and Archie, or First and Last Communion.

**HOLY BAPTISM:**—1. The Baptismal Office, with Explanations. 2. Wandering Willie, or the Sponsor. 3. Old Robert Gray. 4. Dermot, the Unbaptized, an Allegory, showing the Nature of Holy Baptism. 5. The History, Doctrine, and Types of Holy Baptism, shown from passages of Holy Scripture, with Catholic interpretations.

**PEARSALL.—HYMNS OF THE CHURCH,**

Pointed as they are to be Chanted; together with the **VERSICLES, LITANY, ATHANASIAN CREED, RESPONSES** after the **COMMANDMENTS, &c.** Set to Music by **T. TALLIS.** Revised and arranged by **Mr. PEARSALL,** of Lichfield Cathedral. Small 8vo., cloth. Price 2s., with a reduction to clergymen introducing it into their churches.

**PEOPLE'S LIBRARY OF THE FATHERS.**

A series of Select Treatises from the Patristic Writings. Translated by Priests of the English Church. In Parts 6d. each.

“The **PEOPLE'S LIBRARY OF THE FATHERS** has our hearty approval. A judicious selection from the writings of the Fathers must be eminently serviceable. And we sincerely hope that this cheap and well-arranged edition may secure for them such a circulation as their own merits deserve, and the circumstances of our Church require.”—*Ecclesiastic*, October.

**PEREIRA.—TENTATIVA THEOLOGICA.**

**POR P. ANTONIO PEREIRA DE FIGUEREDO.** Translated from the Original Portuguese, by the Rev. **EDWARD H. LANDON, M.A.,** late of C.C.C., Camb. This celebrated work, written about the year 1760, by the most learned divine whom the Portuguese Church has produced, is a general defence of Episcopal Rights against Ultra-Montane usurpations. It has been translated into almost every European language, except English, though publicly burnt in Rome. In demy 8vo., cloth, price 9s.

“We think the translation of this work is good service done to the Church of England at the present time. **MR. NEALE** has prefixed a useful and interesting Introduction to this work, sketching the circumstances of **PEREIRA'S** Life, and those which led to this publication, which he says excited the greatest interest in Europe, and was publicly burnt in Rome.”—*Christian Remembrancer*, April, 1847.

**PLAIN QUESTIONS FOR CHRISTIANS.**

Rubricated, with suitable Emblems. On a sheet for hanging up. Price 2d., or 14s. per hundred.

**POOLE.—TWELVE PRACTICAL SERMONS** on the **HOLY COMMUNION.** By the Rev. **G. A. POOLE, M.A.,** Rector of Welford. 12mo., 4s. 6d.

**POOLE.—A HISTORY OF ENGLAND,**

From the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By the Rev. G. A. POOLE, M.A. 2 vols. cloth, 9s.

“The author is not aware of the existence of a single History of England, adapted in size and pretensions to the use of the upper classes in schools, in which any approach is made to sound ecclesiastical principles, or in which due reverence is shown to the Church of England, either before or after the Reformation, as a true and living member of the Body of CHRIST. He hopes that the present volumes will supply this deficiency, and furnish for the use of the learner an abstract of events necessarily short and imperfect, but sound and true as far as it goes, and of such a character as not to array all his early impressions against the truth of history, important, if ever, when it touches the evidences of CHRIST’S Presence with His Church, in the land of all our immediate natural, civil, ecclesiastical, and spiritual relations.”—*Preface.*

**POPULAR TALES** from the German, including Spindler’s S. SYLVESTER’S NIGHT; Hauff’s COLD HEART, &c. With cuts from Franklin. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**POPULAR TRACTS**, Illustrating the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

Already published :

No. I. THE BAPTISMAL SERVICES. Second Edition. Price 1d.

No. II. THE DRESS OF THE CLERGY, with an Illustration. Price 2d.

No. III. THE BURIAL SERVICE. With an Appendix on Modern Burials, Monuments, and Epitaphs, containing Seven Designs for Headstones, and an Alphabet for Inscriptions. Price 6d.

No. IV. THE ORDINATION SERVICES. Price 4d.

These Tracts are designed, as their name implies, for THE PEOPLE, for Clergy and Laity, for rich and poor. They may serve to remind the learned, as well as to instruct the ignorant. They are written in a spirit of the utmost attachment and obedience to the Holy English Church, and to that Catholick Church of which She is a Pure and Apostolick Branch. Their writers are independent of any *party*, and regardless of any sectarian comments.

“This promises to be a convenient and useful series, if we may judge by the first number.”—*English Churchman.*

The following are in preparation :

No. V. THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

No. VI. THE ARRANGEMENT AND DECORATION OF CHURCHES.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of MR. MASTERS, Aldersgate Street, London.

**POYNINGS.**

A Tale of the Revolution. Price 2s. 6d.

## PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN'S LIBRARY.

	s.	d.
1. Learn to Die.—[Sutton.] . . . . .	1	0
2. Practice of Divine Love.—[Ken.] . . . . .	0	9
3. Private Devotions.—[Spinckes.] . . . . .	1	6
4. Parable of the Pilgrim.—[Patrick.] . . . . .	1	0
5. The Imitation of Christ.—[A Kempis.] . . . . .	1	0
6. Manual of Prayer for the Young.—[Ken.] . . . . .	0	6
7. Guide to the Holy Communion.—[Nelson.] . . . . .	0	8
8. Guide to the Penitent.—[Kettlewell.] . . . . .	0	9
9. The Golden Grove.—[Taylor.] . . . . .	0	9
10. Daily Exercises.—[Horneck.] . . . . .	0	9
11. Life of Ambrose Bonwicke . . . . .	1	0
12. Plain Sermons.—[Andrewes.] . . . . .	2	0
13. Life of Bishop Bull.—[Nelson.] . . . . .	1	6
14. Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.—[Bp. Taylor.] . . . . .	0	9
15. Companion to the Prayer Book . . . . .	1	0
16. Christian Contentment.—[Sanderson.] . . . . .	0	9
17. Steps to the Altar . . . . .	1	0
18. Selections from Hooker.—[Keble.] . . . . .	1	6
19. Advice to a Friend.—[Patrick.] . . . . .	1	6
20. Repentance and Fasting.—[Patrick.] . . . . .	1	6
21. On Prayer.—[Patrick.] . . . . .	2	0
22. Practical Christian, Part I.—[Sherlock.] . . . . .	2	0
23. —————, Part II.—[Sherlock.] . . . . .	2	0
24. Meditations on the Eucharist.—[Sutton.] . . . . .	2	0
25. Learn to Live.—[Sutton.] . . . . .	1	6
26. The Art of Contentment, by author of "Whole Duty of Man" . . . . .	1	6
27. Meditations for a Fortnight.—[Gerhard.] . . . . .	0	6
28. The Heart's Ease.—[Patrick.] . . . . .	1	6
29. Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England.— [Heylin.] . . . . .	0	8
30. Manual for Confirmation and first Communion . . . . .	0	8
31. Hymns for Public and Private Use . . . . .	2	0
32. The Young Churchman's Manual . . . . .	1	0
33. The Seven Penitential Psalms . . . . .	1	0
34. Cosin's Devotions . . . . .	1	0
35. Bishop Taylor's Holy Living . . . . .	2	0
36. Bishop Taylor's Holy Dying . . . . .	2	0
37. The Confessions of St. Augustine . . . . .	2	0

## PRAYERS AND SELF-EXAMINATION FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Price 2d.

## PRIVATE DEVOTION,

A Short Form for the Use of Children. On a sheet for suspension in bed-rooms, price 1d., or 6s. 6d. per 100. Also in a Book, 1d.

## PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION (The). Reprinted with corrections from the "Ecclesiastic." Small 8vo., in a neat wrapper 6d., or cloth 9d.

## QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION for the Use of the Clergy in what Concerns their Sacred Office. Price 6d., Rubricated.

**RAWLINS.—THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.**

A Poem. By C. A. RAWLINS. Handsomely printed on large post 8vo., with gilt edges, and in fancy wrapper, price 1s.

**REASONS (A FEW PLAIN) FOR REMAINING IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH, in a Letter to a Friend.** Price 4d.**RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER'S WIDOW.**

By the author of "Sun setting; or, Old Age in its Glory." 18mo. Price 1s.

**RUSSELL.—THE JUDGMENT OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH** (Posterior to the Reformation) on the Sufficiency of Holy Scripture, and the Authority of the Holy Catholic Church in matters of Faith; as contained in her authorized Formularies, and Illustrated by the Writings of her elder Masters and Doctors. With an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL, B.C.L. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.**RUSSELL.—LAYS CONCERNING THE EARLY CHURCH.** By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL, B.C.L. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d. cloth.**RUSSELL.—ANGLICAN ORDINATIONS VALID.**

A Refutation of certain Statements in the Second and Third Chapters of "The Validity of Anglican Ordinations Examined. By the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick, V.G." By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL, B.C.L. Price 1s., or 1s. 4d. post free.

**RUSSELL.—OBEDIENCE TO THE CHURCH IN THINGS RITUAL.** A Sermon, preached in St. James's Church, Enfield Highway. By the Rev. J. F. RUSSELL, B.C.L. 8vo., price 1s., 12mo., price 6d.**SCOTTISH MAGAZINE AND CHURCHMAN'S REVIEW.** In Monthly Parts, price 6d. Commenced in January, 1848.**SELECTION FROM THE OLD AND NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS;** to which are added, A Few Hymns, chiefly Ancient, as used at Christ Church, Albany Street, Regent's Park. Demy 18mo. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.**SERMONS FOR SUNDAYS, FESTIVALS, FASTS, AND other Liturgical Occasions.** Edited by the REV. ALEXANDER WATSON, M.A., Curate of St. John's, Cheltenham.

The FIRST SERIES, complete in One Volume, contains Thirty-six Original Sermons, and may be had in Six Parts, price One Shilling each, or bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

The SECOND SERIES contains SERMONS FOR EVERY SUNDAY AND HOLY DAY IN THE CHURCH'S YEAR. It may be had in Eighteen Parts, price 1s. each, or in 3 vols. cloth, price 7s. 6d. each.

The THIRD SERIES, complete in One Volume, contains Thirty-two Sermons, illustrating some OCCASIONAL OFFICES OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, may be had in Six Parts, price 1s. each, or bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

All Three Series are also kept, bound uniformly in half-calf, cloth sides, 10s.; whole calf, 11s.; calf extra, 12s. per volume.

A list of the Contributors, Holy Days, Subjects, and Texts, may be had, free by post, on application.



**SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE.** Price 1d.

No. I. Christ and the Common People.—II. The Lost Sheep.—III. The Piece of Silver.—IV. The Prodigal's Sin.—V. The Prodigal's Repentance.—VI. The Prodigal's Pardon.

The above in a Wrapper, price 6d.

No. VII. Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

This Series has been commenced with a view of supplying clergymen with discourses which they may place in the hands of those of their parishioners who do not frequent their parish church. Sold in packets of 25 for 1s. 6d.; 50 for 3s. By post 6d. extra.

**SCUDAMORE.**—**STEPS TO THE ALTAR**; a Manual of Devotion for the Blessed Eucharist. By W. E. SCUDAMORE, M.A., Rector of Ditchington. Third Edition, carefully revised and enlarged. Price 1s. Fine paper edition in morocco, 3s. 6d.

**SEVEN TEMPORAL WANTS OF MAN.** *Nearly ready.*

**SMITH, R.**—**THE CHURCH CATECHISM ILLUSTRATED BY PASSAGES FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.** By the Rev. ROWLAND SMITH, M.A., formerly of S. John's Coll., Oxford. In stiff cover, price 4d., or 6d. by post.

**SMITH, C.**—**SERMONS PREACHED IN HOLY WEEK**, and at other Seasons of the Church, by the Rev. CHARLES F. SMITH, Incumbent of S. John's, Pendlebury, near Manchester, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Combermere. 12mo. cloth. Price 6s.

**SMITH, C.**—**GOD'S THREATENINGS FOR OUR SINS.** A Sermon preached on Sunday, October 11th, the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity; with a Preface, on the present Spiritual Condition of the Manufacturing Districts. By the Rev. CHARLES FELTON SMITH, B.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge; Incumbent of Pendlebury, near Manchester, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Combermere. 8vo. Price 1s.

**STRETTON.**—**A SERIES OF SERMONS ON THE ACTS OF MARY MAGDALEN.** Preached in the Parish Church of S. Paul, Knightsbridge, by the Rev. HENRY STRETTON, M.A., Oxon., Curate of Chideock, in Whitchurch-Canonicorum, Diocese of Sarum, late Senior Assistant Curate of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge. *Nearly Ready.*

**SUN-SETTING; OR, OLD AGE IN ITS GLORY, AND "OLD SIX-O'CLOCK."** By the author of "Recollections of a Soldier's Widow." 18mo. 6d.

**SWEDISH BROTHERS.** Cuts, 18mo. cloth. 1s. 6d.

**TEALE.**—**LIVES OF EMINENT ENGLISH DIVINES.** Containing Bishop Andrewes, Dr. Hammond, Bishop Bull, Bishop Wilson, and Jones of Nayland. By the Rev. WILLIAM HENRY TEALE, M.A., Vicar of Royston, Diocese of York. In royal 18mo. with Steel Engravings, price 5s. cloth.

\* \* This is intended as a Companion to the Author's "Lives of Eminent English Laymen."

**THEODORE, HIS BROTHER AND SISTERS; OR, A** Summer at Seymour Hall. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM NEVINS, Rector of Miningsby, Lincolnshire. Foolsap 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.



**THEOLOGIAN AND ECCLESIASTIC.**

A Magazine relating to the Affairs of the Church, Education, &c.  
In Monthly Parts, price 1s. 6d.

The range of subjects which this Magazine is intended to embrace, will appear from the Title chosen; and the rule on which it is conducted, is that of setting forth the distinctive principles of the Church boldly and uncompromisingly, with as little reference as possible to those who may be supposed to differ.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., including Parts I. to XXX. with Titles and Indexes, are now ready, price 10s. 6d. each, bound in cloth.

**TRUEFITT.—ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHES ON THE CONTINENT.** By GEORGE TRUEFITT, Architect. Sixty Engraved Subjects in Demy 4to., price 10s. 6d., bound in cloth.

**TUTE.—HOLY TIMES AND SCENES.**

By the Rev. JOHN STANLEY TUTE, B.A., of S. John's College, Cambridge. In small 8vo., price 3s., cloth.

Also a Second Series, price 3s.

**TUTE.—THE CHAMPION OF THE CROSS.**

An Allegory. By the Rev. J. S. TUTE, B.A. 12mo. price 2s. 6d. cloth.

**TWOPENNY REWARD BOOKS.**

The Two Sheep.—Little Stories for Little Children.—“I am so Happy.”—The Brother's Sacrifice.—The Dumb Boy.—Margaret Hunt.—The Sprained Ankle.—Dishonesty.—The Little Lace Girl.—The Ravens.—The Cat and her Kittens.

**VISITATIO INFIRMORUM;** or, Offices for the Clergy in Directing, Comforting, and Praying with the Sick. Compiled from Approved Sources. With an Introduction. By WILLIAM H. COPE, M.A., Minor Canon and Librarian of S. Peter's, Westminster, and Chaplain to the Westminster Hospital; and HENRY STRETTON, M.A., Curate of Chideock, Diocese of Sarum, late Senior Assistant Curate of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge. 12mo. Calf, price 16s., morocco 20s. Also, with Silver and Gilt clasps, corners, &c.

**WALCOTT.—AN ORDER OF ANTHEMS.**

Selected from the New Version of the Psalter, that may be followed in Parish Choirs, and places where they sing, on all Sundays and Holy Days and Evens observed in the Church of England. By the Rev. MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A., Curate of S. Margaret's, Westminster. On a Sheet, price 2d.

**WATSON.—THE PEOPLE, EDUCATION, AND THE CHURCH.** A Letter to the RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, occasioned by a Letter of the Rev. W. F. HOOK, D.D., to the RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S. By the Rev. ALEXANDER WATSON, M.A., Curate of St. John's, Cheltenham. Reduced to 1s.

= “An elaborate examination of the whole subject. We recommend it especially to such of our readers who take an active interest in the education of the Poor.”—*English Churchman*.

**WATSON.**—THE DEVOUT CHURCHMAN; or, Daily Meditations from Advent to the Close of the Christian Year. Edited by the Rev. ALEXANDER WATSON. In 2 Vols. Price 15s.

“This work follows the order and arrangement of the Church’s year, and is of an eminently practical character. We can cordially recommend it to the Clergy as a most useful book for the private reading and instruction of their parishioners.”—*English Churchman*.

**WATSON.**—SEVEN SAYINGS ON THE CROSS; or, The Dying CHRIST, our Prophet, Priest, and King. Being a Series of Sermons preached in St. John’s Church, Cheltenham, in the Holy Week, 1847. By the Rev. ALEXANDER WATSON, M.A., Curate of the Church. 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

**WEBB.**—SKETCHES OF CONTINENTAL ECCLESIOLOGY.—Ecclesiological Notes in Belgium, the Rhenish Provinces, Bavaria, Tyrol, Lombardy, Tuscany, the Papal States, and Piedmont. By the Rev. BENJAMIN WEBB, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Demy 8vo., price 16s.

**WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO REGAIN THE LOST?** or, Suggestions for the Working of Populous Parishes. Demy 8vo., price 3d., or by post, 4d.

**WHYTEHEAD.**—COLLEGE LIFE.

Letters to an Under-Graduate. By the Rev. THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, M.A., late Fellow of S. John’s College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand. Foolscap 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

“The author of this little volume has left behind him a memory which must be long and dearly cherished by those who knew him, and be a subject of affectionate interest to many more, who are merely acquainted with the chief points of his short, but not unserviceable life. \* \* \* And if the little book before us shall aid in producing among those to whom it is addressed the tone of feeling and the character stamped upon it by its author, it will do no contemptible service to the Church at large.”—*Ecclesiastic*, Jan. 1846.

*A few copies only of this interesting work remain unsold.*

**WRAY.**—CATHOLIC REASONS FOR REJECTING THE MODERN PRETENSIONS AND DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME. By the Rev. CECIL WRAY, M.A., Incumbent of S. Martin’s, Liverpool. Fourth Thousand. Price 2d., or 14s. per 100.

**WILLIAMS.**—ANCIENT HYMNS FOR CHILDREN. By the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D. 18mo. cloth, price 1s. 6d.

**WILLIAMS.**—HYMNS ON THE CATECHISM. By the Rev. I. WILLIAMS, B.D. 18mo. cloth, price 2s.

**WILLIAMS.**—SACRED VERSES WITH PICTURES. By the Rev. I. WILLIAMS, B.D. 8vo. cloth, price 12s.

# Congregational and Choir Music,

FOR THE USE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

---

## I. The Psalter; or, Psalms of David,

Pointed as they are to be sung in Churches, and divided and arranged in lines to Sixty-seven of the Ancient Chants or Tones of the Church, with a view to general congregational singing. Each Psalm is preceded by one or more appropriate Chants. Price 2s. A specimen Copy by post, 2s. 6d.

Companion to the Psalter.

## II. Sixty-seven Ancient Chants or Tones of the Church,

Arranged in modern notation, and in four parts for the use of Choir, Congregational, and Accompanyist; with an explanatory dissertation on the construction, right accent, and proper use of the Ancient Tones. Price 1s., or 10s. 6d. per dozen. A Copy by Post, 1s. 2d.

## III. The Canticles, Hymns, and Creed

Used in Morning and Evening Prayer, set forth and divided to the Ancient Tones of the Church. Each one preceded by a Chant in four parts for the use of Choir, Congregation, and Accompanyist. Price 6d., or £2 per 100. A Copy by Post, 8d.

## IV. Te Deum in Four Parts,

With Organ Accompaniment, founded upon the Ancient Melody in the Sarum Antiphonal, and used in places where there were Quires during the time of Elizabeth, and in subsequent reigns. Price 2s.

## V. Anthems and Services for Church Choirs,

Containing Seventy select pieces by the finest Composers, and suited for every Sunday and Festival throughout the year; with Organ Accompaniment. In a handsome 4to. volume, 21s. cloth. The Numbers may also be had separately.

## VI. Anthems and Services.

Second Series, uniform with the above.

This volume contains several fine and scarce compositions, by Palestrina, Marenzio, Nanino, &c.; suited to the great Church Seasons, commencing with Advent: also a Te Deum, Jubilate, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis, hitherto unknown in this country. 4to. 12s. cloth.

## VII. Easy Anthems for the Church Festivals.

Price 4s.

## VIII. Entraits adapted to the course of the Ecclesiastical Year.

The music selected from Ancient Ritual Sources, and harmonized either for unison or four voices. Price 5s.

## MUSICAL WORKS

**For the Use of the English Church.**

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

**HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.****The Church Tune-Book,**

Containing upwards of 309 Melodies for Metrical Hymns, suited for Congregational use, with Organ Accompaniments.

**THE TUNES ARE ADAPTED TO EVERY MEASURE IN USE.**

**Entroits or Prose Hymns.**

Selected from the Authorised Version of the Psalms in the Holy Bible, set to Plain Tunes or Chant Melodies, and arranged in four parts suitable for congregational singing.

Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass Parts with words, each 6d., or 40s. per 100. The Organ Part for accompaniment, 2s.

**A Selection from the Quire Psalter,**

Being the Psalms according to the Use of the Book of Common Prayer, set forth and arranged to upwards of five hundred Chants; each Psalm having its Chants descriptive of the emotive character of the words, and divided somewhat after the manner suggested by Bishop Horsley.

This work is handsomely printed in large type and bold music note, and is published in separate Psalters, each being complete with words and music.

1. The Psalter with the Treble Part.—2. The Psalter with the Alto Part.—3. The Psalter with the Tenor Part.—4. The Psalter with the Bass Part.—5. The Psalter with the parts compressed for accompaniment.

*Any of which may be had singly.*

THE SELECTION, 2s. 6d. each Vocal Part. The Organ Part, with words, 5s.

*General Literature.*

**BEZANT.**—**GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS** classed under heads, and interspersed with **HISTORY** and **GENERAL INFORMATION**. Adapted for the Use of Classes in **LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S SCHOOLS**, and to the purposes of Private Teaching. By **J. BEZANT**, Teacher of Geography, the Classics, Mathematics, &c. Demy 18mo., strongly bound, price 2s.

A KEY to the above, price 2s. bound in Leather.

**BLUNDELL.**—**LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MIDWIFERY.** By **JAMES BLUNDELL, M.D.**, formerly Lecturer on Midwifery and Physiology at Guy's Hospital. Edited by **CHARLES SEVERN, M.D.**, Registrar of the Medical Society of London. Royal 18mo., neatly bound in cloth. Price 5s.

**BUNBURY.—EVENINGS IN THE PYRENEES,**

Comprising the Stories of Wanderers from many Lands. Edited and arranged by SELINA BUNBURY, Author of "Rides in the Pyrenees," "Combe Abbey," &c. Post 8vo., with Engravings, price 5s., handsomely bound.

"She writes well, because she thinks correctly; and there is often as much vigour as of beauty in her descriptions."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"Every thing that Miss BUNBURY says or does is perfectly and gracefully feminine."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

**CLARK.—A HAND-BOOK FOR VISITORS TO THE KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.** By BENJAMIN CLARK. In royal 18mo., in a neat cover, with Four Engravings, price 1s.

**CLAVIS BOTANICA.** A Key to the Study of Botany; on the System arranged by LINNÆUS. Fourth Edition, in post 24mo., elegantly printed on tinted paper, with Coloured Frontispiece. 1s.

**CURTIS.—THE YOUNG NURSE'S GUIDE; or, INSTRUCTIONS UPON THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE SICK.** By JOSEPH CURTIS, M.R.C.S., F.Z.S., one of the Surgeons of the Parish of St. Pancras. Royal 18mo., cloth boards, price 2s.

**CURTIS.—ADVICE TO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN,** and those who have the Management of the LYING-IN ROOM, upon the General Treatment of Females during PREGNANCY AND CONFINEMENT. Second Edition. Price 1s.

**ELECTRO-CHEMICAL COPYING BOOK.**

Extra size large post 4to., containing 240 leaves. Price, complete, with Ink, Sponge Box, &c., 10s. 6d.

The attention of the CLERGY, MERCHANTS, BANKERS, PROFESSORS, AUTHORS, and every class of TRADESMEN, is called to this unique Article; the simple construction of which enables any person to take a Copy of his Letters or other Memoranda instantly, without the trouble attending the Copying Press. It will be of peculiar advantage to Principals by enabling them to take their own copies of all *private* Letters and Papers.

**HAMILTON.—A TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION**

of the PINE APPLE; with an account of the various modes adopted by the most Eminent Growers, and also of the Author's Method of Growing the Vine and the Cucumber in the same House; a Description of the Pine Stove used at Thornfield, and a Plan for the Construction of Hothouses, to combine the Culture of these Plants; with Receipts for the Destruction of the Insects peculiar to them. By JOSEPH HAMILTON, Gardener to F. A. PHILIPS, Esq., Thornfield, near Stockport. Second edition, revised and corrected, with Drawings of Stoves, &c., price 5s.

**HOWE.—LESSONS ON THE GLOBES,**

On a Plan entirely new, in which, instead of being separately studied, they are taken together in Illustration of Terrestrial and Celestial Phænomena: with Original Familiar Explanations of the ever-varying circumstances of our Planet and the Solar System generally. Illustrated by Fifty-eight Engravings on Wood. By T. H. HOWE. Demy 12mo., price 6s.

"In regard to the correctness and profundity of its views, the book is vastly superior to the works, upon the same subject, which I have known." \* \* \* "I have no doubt that it is really a very much more correct and learned book than books with the same object usually are."—G. B. AIRY, Esq., *Astronomer Royal*.

**A KEY TO THE LESSONS ON THE GLOBES.** Bound in Leather, price 3s. 6d.

**LITTLE ANNIE AND HER SISTERS.** By E. W. H.

Printed on Tinted Paper, with a beautiful Frontispiece, embossed cloth, gilt edges. Price 1s. 6d.—Watered Coral Paper, 1s.

The incidents of this little work are Facts, and relate to a Family now moving in the highest circle of Society.

"The production of a pure-minded and accomplished woman, this sweet little tome is a fit offering for the young."—*Literary Gazette*.

**MEMORIALS OF THE HIGHGATE CEMETERY.**

With an Introductory Essay on Epitaphs and Gravestone Poetry. In royal 18mo., with Engravings, price 1s.

INTELLECTUAL AMUSEMENT FOR ALL SEASONS.

**PRICE.—THE MUSES' RESPONSE,** a Conversational Game. "A set of Orient Pearls at random strung." Selected by the MISSES PRICE. Price 2s. 6d.

The object of these Cards is to lead to rational amusement and intellectual conversation.

**ROBSON.—THE OLD PLAY-GOER.**

By WILLIAM ROBSON. Post 8vo., price 7s. 6d. cloth.

"Mr. Robson's admiration of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons is an echo of our own. In fact, in reading his work, we have lived over again our own play-going days. Interspersed with his reminiscences are many excellent and judicious reflections upon the drama, the stage, and theatrical matters generally. The volume, which is dedicated to Charles Kemble, is written in a spirited and vigorous style."—*John Bull*.

**STRANGER'S GUIDE TO PARIS.**

**SINNETT.—PICTURE OF PARIS & ITS ENVIRONS:**

comprising a Description of the Public Buildings, Parks, Churches, &c.; necessary information on starting; and Notices of the various Routes from the Coast. With a New Map, containing bird's eye Views of Public Buildings, and references to the principal Streets, Railway Stations, &c. Price 5s. strongly bound.

**A NEW PLAN OF PARIS,** with References to all the Streets, Squares, &c., and Engravings of the Public Buildings in their respective situations, by which the Stranger is greatly assisted in travelling through the Suburbs. Price 2s.

**TINMOUTH.**—AN INQUIRY RELATIVE TO VARIOUS IMPORTANT POINTS OF SEAMANSHIP, considered as a Branch of Practical Science. By NICHOLAS TINMOUTH, Master Attendant of Her Majesty's Dock-yard at Woolwich. 8vo., cloth, with Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

**WAKEFIELD.**—MENTAL EXERCISES FOR JUVENILE MINDS. By ELIZA WAKEFIELD. Demy 18mo., strongly bound, Second Edition, price 2s. With the Key, 2s. 6d. The Key separate, 6d.

"The exercise of our powers is ever attended with a degree of pleasure, which, once tasted, usually operates as a sufficient stimulus to a repetition of the effort. This holds good in an especial manner with respect to the mental powers; the delight accompanying the discovery of truth, the legitimate object of their activity, invariably disposes, particularly in children, to renewed search, and imparts a dissatisfaction with all that is not convincingly true."—*Preface.*

**WAKEFIELD.**—FIVE HUNDRED CHARADES FROM HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND BIOGRAPHY. Second Series. Demy 18mo., bound in cloth. By ELIZA WAKEFIELD. Price 1s. 6d.

## The Juvenile Englishman's Library.

I TALES of the VILLAGE CHILDREN. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET. First Series, including "The Singers," "The Wake," "The Bonfire," "Beating the Bounds," "Hallowmas Eve," "A Sunday Walk and a Sunday Talk." 2nd Edition. 18mo., with numerous cuts, neatly bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

\* \* For School Rewards, &c., the Tales may be had in a packet, sorted, price 2s., or 4d. each.

II. THE HOPE of the KATZEKOPFS. A Fairy Tale. Illustrated by Scott. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Second Edition. With a Preface by the Author, the Rev. F. E. PAGET.

III. HENRI de CLERMONT; or, the Royalists of La Vendée. A Tale of the French Revolution. By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY. With cuts, cloth, 2s.

IV. POPULAR TALES from the German, including Spindler's S. SYLVESTER'S NIGHT; Hauff's COLD HEART, &c. With cuts, from Franklin. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

V. TALES of the VILLAGE CHILDREN. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET. Second Series, containing "Merry Andrew," Parts I. and II., "The Pancake Bell," "The April Fool." Second Edition. With cuts, cloth, 2s. 6d.



[JUVENILE ENGLISHMAN'S LIBRARY CONTINUED.]

VI. THE TRIUMPHS of the CROSS. Tales and Sketches of Christian Heroism. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE. 2nd Edition. Cloth, price 2s.

VII. EARLY FRIENDSHIP; or, the Two Catechumens. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

VIII. THE SWEDISH BROTHERS. Cuts, price 1s. 6d. cloth.

IX. THE CHARCOAL BURNERS. Cloth, price 1s. 6d.

X. LUKE SHARP ; or, KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT RELIGION. A Tale of Modern Education. By the Rev. F. E. PAGET. Price 2s. 6d.

XI. GODFREY DAVENANT; A Tale of SCHOOL LIFE. By the Rev. WILLIAM E. HEYGATE, M.A. Price 2s. 6d.

"We question whether a more healthy, impressive, and earnest work has appeared in that useful series. We do not know one which we could more heartily recommend for senior boys. The admonitions of Dr. Wilson, the head master of the school—an orthodox Dr. Arnold,—and the example and counsel of Barrow, his most exemplary pupil, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence upon all except the positively vicious, debased, and callous."—*English Churchman*.

XII. LAYS OF FAITH AND LOYALTY. By the Ven. Archdeacon CHURTON, M.A., Rector of Crayke. Price 2s.

XIII. TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS. Part II. CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., price 2s.

"Mr. Neale has favoured us with a second part of THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS, and a charming little volume it is. . . . We do think that the service done to the cause of truth by a careful and judicious selection and publication of such stories as the latter ones, especially, of this series is very considerable."—*Ecclesiastic*, June, 1846.

XIV. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Carefully compiled; including the Latest Discoveries, and a Chapter on Ecclesiastical Geography. By the Rev. H. HOPWOOD, M.A. With a Map coloured to show the Christian, Heathen, and Mahometan Countries, English Possessions, &c. Price 2s. 6d.

"We are indebted to Mr. HOPWOOD for an 'Introduction to the study of Modern Geography,' which appears to us far superior to any manual of the kind yet in existence."—*Ecclesiastic*, Sept. 1846.



[JUVENILE ENGLISHMAN'S LIBRARY CONTINUED].

**XV. COLTON GREEN.** A Tale of the Black Country,  
By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY. Price 2s. 6d.

"The able and excellent author displays the closest intimacy with the people and the circumstances about which he writes."—*Morning Post*.

"We admire this little volume greatly ourselves. We know it to have been admired by others; and we have no fear but that such of our readers as procure it will readily fall in with our opinions."—*Theologian*.

**XVI. A HISTORY OF PORTUGAL** from its erection  
into a separate kingdom to the year 1836. Price 2s. 6d.

"Every one who reads it will find himself irresistibly carried on to the end."—*Ecclesiastic*.

**XVII. POYNINGS.** A Tale of the Revolution. Price 2s. 6d.

"A spirited and stirring Tale of the Revolution."—*Ecclesiastic*.

**XVIII. THE MANGER OF THE HOLY NIGHT,**  
with the TALE OF THE PRINCE SCHREIMUND AND THE PRINCESS  
SCHWEIGSTILLA. From the German of GUIDO GORRES. By  
C. E. H., Morwenstow. Sixteen Illustrations. Price 2s.

"This is a nice Christmas Tale, with a good moral. The Introduction is beautifully written."—*English Churchman*.

**XIX. STORIES FROM HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY**  
AND GREEK HISTORY, for the Use of Christian Children. By the  
Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., Author of "Tales of Christian Heroism,"  
"Christian Endurance," &c., Warden of Sackville College, East  
Grinstead. 2s.**XX. STORIES FROM THE CHRONICLERS.**

(FROISSART). Illustrating the History, Manners, and Customs  
of the Reign of Edward III. By the Rev. HENRY P. DUNSTER,  
M.A. Price 2s. 6d.

**Juvenile Englishman's Historical Library.****A HISTORY OF ROME.**

By the Rev. SAMUEL FOX, M.A., F.S.A. Price 3s.

The following are in preparation :

**A HISTORY OF SPAIN.** By the Rev. BENNETT G. JOHNS,  
S. Mark's College, Chelsea.

**A HISTORY OF FRANCE.** By the Rev. JOSEPH HASKOLL, B.A.

**A HISTORY OF GERMANY.** By the Rev. A. J. HOWELL, M.A.

**A HISTORY OF HOLLAND.** By the Rev. E. H. LANDON, M.A.

**A HISTORY OF GREECE.** By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.

## PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society.

---

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,  
Publisher to the Society.

---

### A Hand-Book of English Ecclesiology.

In Demy 18mo., 7s., or interleaved and bound in limp calf 10s.

### A Few Words to Churchwardens

On Churches and Church Ornaments. No. I. Suited to Country Parishes. Now ready, the Fourteenth Edition, revised. Price 3d., or 21s. per hundred.

### A Few Words to Churchwardens

On Churches and Church Ornaments. No. II., Suited to Town or Manufacturing Parishes. Sixth Edition. Price 3d.

### A Few Words to Church-Builders.

Third Edition, entirely rewritten. Price 1s.

Appendix to the former Editions of a "Few Words to Church-Builders"; containing Lists of Models for Windows, Fonts, and Rood-screens. Price 6d.

### A Few Words to Parish Clerks and Sextons.

Designed for Country Parishes. A Companion to the "Few Words to Churchwardens." Second Edition. Price 2d.

### A Few Words to Churchwardens;

Abridged from the Two Tracts so named. Third Edition. On a sheet, for distribution, or suspension in Vestry-Rooms.

Advice to Workmen employed in Restoring a Church. New Edition. On a Sheet, for distribution, or suspension in Vestry-Rooms.

Advice to Workmen employed in Building a Church. New Edition. On a sheet, for distribution, or suspension in Vestry-Rooms.

Church Enlargement and Church Arrangement.  
Price 6d.

### The History and Statisticks of Puses.

Fourth Edition, corrected, with very many additions. 2s. 6d.

A Supplement to the First and Second Editions of "The History of Puses," containing the additional matter inserted in the Third Edition. Price 1s.

Twenty-four Reasons for getting rid of Church Puses. Ninth Edition. Price 1d. each, or 5s. per 100.

An Argument for the Greek Origin and Meaning of the Monogram **IHS**. Price 1s. 6d.

On the History of Christian Altars.

A Paper read before the Cambridge Camden Society, Nov. 28, 1844. Price 6d. Second Edition.

Church Schemes ;

Or Forms for the classified description of a Church. Fourteenth Edition, Folio : for rough copies, 6d. per score to Members ; 1s. per score to Non-Members.—4to : for transcription, 1s. per score to Members ; 2s. 6d. per score to Non-Members.

The Orientator.

A Simple Contrivance for ascertaining the Orientation of Churches. In a case, with Directions for use and Catalogue of Saints' Days. Price 2s.

The Report of the Society for 1846 ;

Together with a List of the Members, Laws, &c., of the Society. Price 1s. (This exhibits a general view of the constitution, objects, and operations of the Society.)

[Copies of the Reports for 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, and 1844, may still be had.]

The Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Part I. A Selection from the Papers read before the Society at the Meetings 1840-41. Royal 4to. Price 5s. 6d.

The Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Part II. A Selection from the Papers read before the Society at the Meetings 1841-42. Royal 4to. Plates. 6s.

The Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Part III. A Selection from the Papers read at the Ordinary Meetings in 1843-45. Royal 4to. Price 7s. 6d.

Working Drawings of the Middle-Pointed Chancel

of All Saints, Hawton, Nottinghamshire. Engraved in Outline by Mr. J. LE KEUX, Sen. Atlas folio, £1. 5s. (To Members, £1. 1s.)

This work contains Plans, Sections, and Elevations of one of the finest specimens of Parochial Pointed Architecture in the kingdom.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Some Account of the Church and its Restoration, with an audited Statement of the Treasurer's Account. Price 6d.

An Exterior View of the Same (as restored by the Cambridge Camden Society.) A Tinted Lithograph, 2s. 6d.

The Interior of S. Sepulchre's, Cambridge :

Taken immediately after its Restoration. A Tinted Lithograph. Price 1s.

Stalls and Screenwork in S. Mary's, Lancaster.

A Tinted Lithograph. Price 1s.

A Lithograph of the Font and Cover in the Church of S. Edward the Confessor, Cambridge, (as restored by the Cambridge Camden Society.) 1s. 6d. plain ; India paper 2s.

---

### Illustrations of Monumental Brasses.

With accompanying historical descriptions, and many Architectural Lithographs. Complete in 6 parts.

No. II. 5s. plain ; India-paper Proofs, 7s. 6d.

Nos. I., III., IV., V., and VI., 8s. plain ; India-paper Proofs, 10s. 6d.

---

### Instrumenta Ecclesiastica.

Edited by the Cambridge Camden Society.

A series of Working Designs for the Furniture, Fittings, and Decorations of Churches and their Precincts. In 12 Parts, price 2s. 6d. each, or 1 Vol. bound, price £1. 11s. 6d.

---

Designs approved by the Ecclesiological late Cambridge Camden Society for Chalice, Patens, Alms Dishes, Altar Crosses, Candlesticks, and other Altar Furniture may be obtained through the Secretaries of the Society, or by application to WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD, Esq., 4, Adam Street, Adelphi.

Church Grates, (for warming Churches,) and Coronæ Lucis, or Chandeliers, Padlocks, &c., from MR. POTTER, South Molton Street, Oxford Street.

Flowered Quarries, from Messrs. Powell, White Friars Glassworks.

London : J. MASTERS, Aldersgate Street, Publisher to the Society.





B & J. F. MEEHAN,  
EXPORT BOOKSELLERS  
32 GAY STREET,  
BATH.



